





John Adams.

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Paris October 1784.

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1784

THE
W O R K S

O F

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

WITH

The AUTHOR'S LIFE and CHARACTER; NOTES
Historical, Critical, and Explanatory; TABLES of
CONTENTS, and INDEXES.

More complete than any preceding Edition.

IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES.

Accurately corrected by the best Editions.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. DONALDSON, and sold at his Shop
(N^o 195.) in the Strand, London;
and at Edinburgh.

M.DCC.LXVIII.

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ADAMS 234.4

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THE
WORKS

OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME I.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. DONALDSON, and sold at his Shops
in London and Edinburgh.

M.DCC.LXVIII.

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T H E
E D I T O R ' s P R E F A C E .

THE Works of Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT have been universally admired, and have passed through many editions, both in England and Ireland. How they have been received in Scotland, appears from the quick sale of four Scotch editions since the year 1752. A fifth one is now offered to the public, which it is hoped will meet with a favourable reception. As this edition is partly upon a different plan, more complete, and illustrated with a far greater number of notes, than any that hath yet appeared in England; we think it necessary to give an account of the method used in conducting it.

As to the arrangement of particular pieces in each class, there were only three things that seemed to deserve attention, or that could direct the choice; that the verse and prose should be kept separate; that the posthumous and doubtful pieces should not be mingled with those which the Dean is known to have published himself; and that those tracts, which are parts of a regular series, and illustrate each other, should be ranged in

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succession, without the intervention of other matter. Such are the Drapier's Letters, and some other papers published upon the same occasion, which have not only in the Irish edition, but in every other, been so mixed, as to misrepresent some facts, and obscure others. Such also are the tracts on the Sacramental test; which are now put together in a regular order, as they should always be read, by those who would see their whole strength and propriety.

As to the arrangement of the different pieces, we have classed them in the order which appeared the most natural, according to the plan pointed out by the Earl of Orrery, and, as near as can be, in chronological order. The first ten volumes contain what were published in the author's lifetime, the 11th, 12th, and 13th volumes are a selection from what is called The Posthumous Works, containing all that the original editor, Mr. Falconer, has thought worthy of publication.

As to the Notes, this edition will be found to contain double the number that is inserted in any London edition. Most part of those notes to which no name is annexed, are taken from the Dublin and other editions. The greatest part of the other notes are taken from the Earl of Orrery's remarks on the life and writings of Dr. Swift, Mr. Dean Swift's Essay on the same subject, and Warburton's edition of Pope's Works. A few notes of
reference,

reference, and some historical remarks, are inserted by the editor. To some of the large extracts from Orrery and Swift, we have given the title of Criticisms; which are to be found in the 1st, 7th, and 9th volumes. And care has been taken not to omit any remark of importance contained in the writings of these authors upon any piece of Swift's works.

Dr. Hawkesworth's edition of this celebrated author, has been justly esteemed; yet, upon comparison, this one will be found to contain several pieces, both in verse and prose, not inserted in his; besides other advantages of Indexes, &c.

As to the Life of Dr. Swift, many accounts have been published of it. These have mutually reflected light upon each other, ascertained controverted facts, and rectified mistakes, which, if they had still been traditional and oral, would still have been believed. Several little incidents, which shewed the peculiarities of his conversation and domestic life, were related by Mrs. Pilkington, in her memoirs; though these could be believed only in proportion as they verified themselves. Lord Orrery's letters contained many of the principal events, intermingled with many characteristic incidents, supported in general upon better authority; but sometimes founded upon false information. Some of these mistakes were detected by a volume of letters signed J. R. in which were also some new materials; and the account since published

published by Mr. Swift, with an imperfect sketch by the Dean himself, has furnished yet more. It was not thought necessary (says he) to relate every trifling particular that has been recorded, but only to select such as will sufficiently distinguish the peculiarities of his character and manners, and transmit a knowledge of him to posterity, of the same kind, if not in the same degree, as was obtained by those among his contemporaries, who were admitted to his conversation and friendship.

In the account of Dr. Swift's Life, several anecdotes, and different relations of particular incidents, are thrown into notes; and some critical remarks on his character, taken from Lord Orrery and Mr. Swift, are now added. An abridgement of Mrs. Pilkington's account is annexed. In the tenth volume, immediately after the Dean's Will, are two letters describing his furiosity. After which is given Lord Orrery's account of Swift's death, and his Lordship's dissertation on lunacy and idiotism, occasioned by the melancholy situation of the Dean's understanding, some years before his death.

In works of great extent, the utility of indexes is obvious to every reader, and the want is generally complained of: Yet few of the London editions have any index. Therefore, to supply so material a defect, three indexes are annexed to the tenth volume. The first is of the titles of the pieces in prose; the

the second, of those of the poetry; and the third is of the principal matters. Besides these indexes, unto volume 13th is added an index to the three volumes of Posthumous Works.

Care has been taken to print this edition as correctly as possible; and it is hoped, that, in point of accuracy, it will not be found inferior to any former one. In short, no pains or expence have been spared to render this a complete and correct edition of the Works of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's.

Edinburgh, Decem. 26.

1768.

THE



T H E
L I F E
O F

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

Late Dean of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, an illustrious English wit, and justly celebrated also for his political knowledge, was descended from a very ancient family, and born on the 30th of November 1667. His grandfather, Mr. Thomas Swift, was vicar of Goodrich in Herefordshire, and married Mrs. Elizabeth Dryden, aunt of Dryden the poet; by whom he had six sons, Godwin, Thomas, Dryden, William, Jonathan, and Adam. Thomas was bred at Oxford, but died young; Godwin was a barrister of Gray's-Inn; and William, Dryden, Jonathan, and Adam, were attornies. Godwin having married a relation of the old Marchioness of Ormond, the old Duke of Ormond made him his attorney-general

general in the palatinate of Tipperary in Ireland. Ireland was at this time almost without lawyers, the rebellion having converted men of all conditions into soldiers. Godwin therefore determined to attempt the acquisition of a fortune in that kingdom, and the same motive induced his four brothers to go with him. Jonathan, at the age of about twenty-three, and before he went into Ireland, married Mrs. Abigail Erick, a gentlewoman of Leicestershire; and about two years after left her a widow with one child, a daughter, and pregnant with another, having no means of subsistence but an annuity of 20 l. which her husband had purchased for her in England, immediately after his marriage. In this distress she was taken into the family of Godwin, her husband's eldest brother; and there, about seven months after his death, delivered of a son, whom she called Jonathan, in remembrance of his father, and who was afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's.

It happened, by whatever accident, that Jonathan was not suckled by his mother, but by a nurse, who was a native of Whitehaven, and when he was about a year old, her affection for him was become so strong, that finding it necessary to visit a sick relation there, she carried him with her, without the knowledge of his mother or uncle. At this place he continued about three years; for, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent

orders not to hazard a second voyage, till he should be better able to bear it. Mrs. Swift, about two years after her husband's death, quitted the family of Mr. Godwin Swift in Ireland, and retired to Leicester, the place of her nativity; but her son was again carried to Ireland by his nurse, and replaced under the protection of his uncle Godwin. It has been generally believed, that Swift was born in England; and, when the people of Ireland displeas'd him, he has been heard to say, "I am not of this vile country, I am an Englishman:" but this account of his birth is taken from that which he left behind him in his own hand-writing. Some have also thought that he was a natural son of Sir William Temple, because Sir William expressed a particular regard for him: but that was impossible; for Sir William was resident abroad in a public character from the year 1665, to 1670; and his mother, who was never out of the British dominions, brought him into the world in 1667.

At about six years of age he was sent to the school of Kilkenny, and having continued there eight years, he was admitted a student of Trinity college in Dublin. Here applying himself to books of history and poetry, to the neglect of academic learning, he was at the end of four years, refused his degree of bachelor of arts for insufficiency; and was at last admitted *spéciali gratia*, which is there considered as the highest degree of reproach

and dishonour. Stung with the disgrace, he studied eight hours a day, for seven years following. He commenced these studies at the university of Dublin, where he continued them three years: and, during this time, he drew up the first sketch of his Tale of a Tub; for Waffenden Warren, Esq; a gentleman of fortune near Belfast in Ireland, who was chamber-fellow with Swift, declared that he then saw a copy of it in Swift's own hand-writing.

In 1688, his uncle Godwin was seized with a lethargy, and soon deprived both of his speech and memory: by which accident Swift being left without support, took a journey to Leicester, that he might consult with his mother what course of life to pursue. At this time Sir William Temple was in high reputation, and honoured with the confidence and familiarity of King William. His father, Sir John Temple, had been master of the rolls in Ireland, and contracted an intimate friendship with Godwin Swift, which continued till his death; and Sir William, who inherited his title and estate, had married a lady to whom Mrs. Swift was related; she therefore advised her son to communicate his situation to Sir William, and solicit his direction what to do. Sir William received him with great kindness, and Swift's first visit continued two years. Sir William had been ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen before the Revolution, in which character he became known to the Prince of Orange, who frequently

frequently visited him at Sheen, after his arrival in England, and took his advice in affairs of the utmost importance. Sir William being then lame with the gout, Swift used to attend his Majesty in the walks about the garden, who admitted him to such familiarity, that he shewed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch manner; and once offered to make him a captain of horse; but Swift had fixed his mind upon an ecclesiastical life.

About this time a bill was brought into the house for triennial parliaments, to which the King was very averse, but sent however to consult Sir William Temple, who soon afterwards sent Swift to Kensington with the whole account in writing, to convince the King how ill he was advised. This was Swift's first embassy to court; who, though he understood English history, and the matter in hand very well, yet did not prevail. Soon after this transaction he was seized with the return of a disorder, which he had contracted in Ireland, by eating a great quantity of fruit, and which afterwards gradually increased, though with irregular intermissions, till it terminated in a total debility of body and mind.

About a year after his return from Ireland, he thought it expedient to take his master of arts degree at Oxford; and accordingly was admitted *ad eundem* on the 14th of June 1692, with many civilities. These, some say, proceeded from a misunderstanding of the words, *speciali gratia*, in his *testimonium* from Dublin,

which were there supposed to be a compliment paid to uncommon merit; but are more probably ascribed by others to his known connection with Sir William Temple. It is easy to conceive, however, that Swift, after his reputation was established, might while he was sporting with this incident in the gaiety of his heart, pretend a mistake which never happened. From Oxford he returned to Sir William Temple, and assisted him in revising his works: He also corrected and improved his own Tale of a Tub, and added the Digressions. From the conversation of Sir William, Swift greatly increased his political knowledge: but suspecting Sir William of neglecting to provide for him, merely that he might keep him in his family, he at length resented it so warmly, that, in 1694, a quarrel ensued, and they parted.

Swift, during his residence with Sir William, had never failed to visit his mother at Leicester once a year, and his manner of travelling was very extraordinary. He always went on foot, except when the weather was very bad, and then he would sometimes take shelter in a waggon. He chose to dine at obscure ale-houses among pedlars and ostlers, and to lie where he saw written over the door, lodgings for a penny; but he used to bribe the maid with a tester for a single bed, and clean sheets.

His resolution was now to take orders: and soon after obtained a recommendation to
 Lord

Lord Capel, then lord-deputy of Ireland, who gave him the prebend of Kilroot, in the dioceſe of Connor, worth about 100*l.* *per annum*. But Sir William, who had been uſed to the converſation of Swift, ſoon found that he could not be content to live without him; and therefore urged him to reſign his prebend in favour of a friend, promiſing to obtain preferment for him in England, if he would return. Swift conſented, and Sir William was ſo well pleaſed with this act of kindneſs, that, during the remainder of his life, which was about four years, his behaviour was ſuch as produced the utmoſt harmony between them. Swift, as a teſtimony of his friendſhip and eſteem, wrote the *Battle of the Books*, of which Sir William is the hero; and Sir William, when he died, left him a pecuniary legacy, and his poſthumous works*.

Upon the death of Sir William Temple, Swift applied by petition to King William, for the firſt vacant prebend of Canterbury or Weſtminſter, for which the royal promiſe had been obtained by his late patron, whoſe poſthumous works he dedicated to his Majeſty, to facilitate the ſucceſs of that application: But it does not appear, that, after the death of Sir William, the King, took the leaſt notice of Swift. After this he accepted an invitation from the Earl of Berkeley, appointed

* Two volumes of Sir William's Letters, which he dedicated to his Majeſty.

one of the lords justices of Ireland, to attend him as chaplain and private secretary; but he was soon removed from this post, upon a pretence that it was not fit for a clergyman. This disappointment was presently followed by another; for when the deanry of Derry became vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it, Swift, instead of receiving it as an atonement for his late usage, was put off with the livings of Laracor and Rathbegging, in the diocese of Meth, which together did not amount to half its value. He went to reside at Laracor, and performed the duties of a parish priest with the utmost punctuality and devotion. He was indeed always very devout, not only in his public and solemn addresses to God, but in his domestic and private exercises: and yet, with all his piety in his heart, he could not forbear indulging the peculiarity of his humour, when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of the time and place. Upon his coming to Laracor, he gave public notice, that he would read prayers on Wednesday and Friday, which had not been the custom; and accordingly the bell was rung, and he ascended the desk. But, having sat some time with no other auditor than his clerk Roger, he began, "Dear-ly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places;" and so proceeded to the end of the service. Of the same kind was his race with Dr. Raymond, vicar of

of Trim, soon after he was made dean of St. Patrick's. Swift had dined one Sunday with Raymond, and when the Bells had done ringing for evening prayers, "Raymond," says Swift. "I will lay you a crown, that I will begin prayers before you this afternoon." Dr. Raymond accepted the wager, and immediately both ran as fast as they could to the church. Raymond, the nimbler of the two, arrived first at the door, and when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading desk: Swift never slackened his pace, but running up the aisle, left Raymond behind him; and stepping into the desk, without putting on the surplice, or opening the book, began the service in an audible voice.

During Swift's residence at Laracor, he invited to Ireland a lady, whom he has celebrated by the name of Stella. With this lady he became acquainted while he lived with Sir William Temple: She was the daughter of his steward, whose name was Johnson; and Sir William, when he died, left her 1000 l. in consideration of her father's faithful services. At the death of Sir William, which happened in 1699, she was in the 16th year of her age; and it was about two years afterwards, that, at Swift's invitation, she left England, accompanied by Mrs. Dingley*, a lady who

* The Doctor gave her fifty guineas a year, and left her by his will an annuity of twenty pounds.

was fifteen years older, and whose whole fortune, though she was related to Sir William Temple, was no more than an annuity of 27 l. Whether Swift at this time desired the company of Stella as a wife, or a friend, is not certain; but the reason which she and her companion then gave for their leaving England was, that in Ireland the interest of money was high, and provisions were cheap. But whatever was Swift's attachment to Miss Johnson, every possible precaution was taken to prevent scandal: they never lived in the same house; when Swift was absent, Miss Johnson and her friend resided at the parsonage; when he returned, they removed either to his friend Dr. Raymond's, or to a lodging; neither were they ever known to meet, but in the presence of a third person. Swift made frequent excursions to Dublin, and some to London, but Miss Johnson was buried in solitude and obscurity; she was known only to a few of Swift's most intimate acquaintance, and had no female companion except Mrs. Dingley.

In 1701, Swift took his doctor's degree, and in 1702, soon after the death of King William, he went into England for the first time after his settling at Laracor; a journey which he frequently repeated during the reign of Queen Anne. Miss Johnson was once in England in 1705, but returned in a few months, and never crossed the channel afterwards. He soon became eminent as a writer,
and

and in that character was known at least to both Whigs and Tories. He had been educated among the former, but at length attached himself to the latter: because the Whigs, as he said, had renounced their old principles, and received others, which their forefather abhorred. He published, in 1701, "A discourse of the contests and dissentions between the nobles and commons in Athens and Rome, with the consequences they had upon both those states:" This was in behalf of King William and his ministers, against the violent proceedings of the House of Commons; but from that year to 1708, he did not write any political pamphlet*.

In 1710, being then in England, he was impowered by the Primate of Ireland, to solicit the Queen to release the clergy from paying the twentieth part and first fruits; and upon this occasion his acquaintance with Mr. Harley commenced. As soon as he had received the Primate's instructions, he resolved to apply to Mr. Harley; and, before he waited on him, got himself represented as a person who had been ill used by the last ministry, because he would not go such lengths as they would have had him. Mr. Harley

* In the year 1708, he published several political works under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; which name was afterwards assumed by Sir Richard Steel, to recommend his *Tatlers* to the world. *Biographia Britannica.*

received him with the utmost kindness and respect; kept him with him two hours alone; engaged in, and soon after accomplished, his business; bid him come often to see him privately; and told him, that he must bring him to the knowledge of Mr. St. John. Swift presently became acquainted with the rest of the ministers, who appear to have courted and caressed him with uncommon assiduity. He dined every Saturday at Mr. Harley's with the Lord Keeper, Mr. Secretary St. John, and Lord Rivers: on that day no other person was for some time admitted; but this select company was at length enlarged to sixteen, all men of the first class, Swift included. From this time he supported the interest of his new friends with all his power, in pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers: his intimacy with them was so remarkable, that he was thought not only to defend, but in some degree to direct their measures; and such was his importance in the opinion of the opposite party, that many speeches were made against him in both houses of parliament; a reward was also offered, for discovering the author of the *Public Spirit of the Whigs*.

Amidst all the business and honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every day an account of what occurred to Stella; and sent her a journal regularly, dated every fortnight during the whole time of his connection with Queen Anne's ministry. From these unrestrained effusions of his heart many particulars

lars are known, which would otherwise have lain hid; and by these it appears, that he was not only employed, but trusted, even by Harley himself, who, to all others, was reserved and mysterious. In the mean time, Swift had no expectations of advantage from his connections with these persons: he knew they could not long preserve their power; and he did not honour it while it lasted, on account of the violent measures which were pursued by both sides. “I use the ministry,” says he, “like dogs, because I expect they will use me so.—I never knew a ministry do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; but I care not.” In the summer of 1711, he foresaw the ruin of the ministry by those misunderstandings among themselves, which at last effected it; and it was not only his opinion, but their own, that if they could not carry a peace, they must soon be sent to the Tower, even though they should agree. In order therefore to facilitate this great event, Swift wrote the conduct of the allies: a piece, which he confesses cost him much pains, and which succeeded even beyond his expectations. It was published on the 27th of November 1711; and in two monthstime above 11,000 were sold off, seven editions having been printed in England, and three in Ireland. The Tory members in both houses, who spoke, drew all their arguments from it; and the resolutions, which were printed in
the

the votes, and which would never have passed but for this pamphlet, were little more than quotations from it. From this time to 1713, he exerted himself with unwearied diligence in the service of the ministry; and while he was at Windsor, just at the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht, he drew the first sketch of *An History of the four last years of Queen Anne*. This he afterwards finished, and came into England to publish, but was dissuaded from it by Lord Bolingbroke, who told him, the whole was so much in the spirit of party-writing, that though it might have made a seasonable pamphlet in the time of their administration, it would be a dishonour to just history. Swift seems to have been extremely fond of this work, by declaring, as he did, that it was the best thing he had ever written: but since his friend did not approve it, he would cast it into the fire. However, it did not undergo this fate, but was lately published in octavo, to the disappointment of all those who expected any thing great from it.

During all this time he received no gratuity or reward, till the year 1713; and then he accepted the deanry of St. Patrick's Dublin*.

* This promotion was thought to be a disappointment to him, as he expected a bishopric in England; but the Earl of Oxford did not think it proper to offend the opposite party, by bringing him into the House of Lords, where he would, no doubt, have made a figure as a speaker.

A bishopric had been some time before intended for him by the Queen; but Archbishop Sharpe having represented him to her Majesty as a man whose Christianity was very questionable, and being supported in this by a certain very great lady, it was given to another. He immediately crossed the channel to take possession of his new dignity, but did not stay in Ireland more than a fortnight, being urged by an hundred letters to hasten back, and reconcile the Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke. When he returned, he found their animosity increased; and, having predicted their ruin from this very cause, he laboured to bring about a reconciliation, as that upon which the whole interest of their party depended. Having attempted this by various methods in vain, he went to a friend's house in Berkshire, where he continued till the Queen's death; and, while he was at this place, wrote a discourse, called, "Free thoughts on the present state of affairs," which, however, was not published till some time after.

Before we attend Swift to Ireland, it is necessary to give a little history of his Vanessa; because his connections with her were made in England. Among other persons, with whom he was intimately acquainted during the gay part of his life, was Mrs. Vanhomrigh. She was a lady of good family in Ireland, and became the wife of Mr. Vanhomrigh, first a merchant of Amsterdam, then of Dublin, where he was raised by King Wil-

liam, upon his expedition into Ireland, to very great-places. Dying in 1703, he left two sons and two daughters; but the sons soon after dying, his whole fortune, which was considerable, fell to the daughters. In 1709, the widow and the two young ladies came to England, where they were visited by persons of the first quality; and Swift, lodging near them, used to be much there, coming and going without any ceremony, as if he had been one of the family. During this familiarity, he became insensibly a kind of preceptor to the young ladies, particularly the eldest, who was then about twenty years old, was much addicted to reading, and a great admirer of poetry. Hence admiring, as was natural, such a character as that of Swift, she soon passed from admiration to love; and urged a little perhaps by vanity, which would have been highly gratified by an alliance with the first wit of the age, she ventured to make the Doctor a proposal of marriage. He affected first to believe her in jest, then to rally her on so whimsical a choice, and at last to put her off without an absolute refusal; and, while he was in this situation, he wrote the poem, called, "Cadenus and Vanessa." It was written in 1713, a short time before he left Vanessa, and the rest of his friends in England, and returned to the place of his exile, as he used frequently to call it. In 1714, Mrs. Vanhomrigh died, and having lived very high, left some debts, which

which it not being convenient for her daughters, who had also debts of their own to pay at present, to avoid an arrest, they followed the Dean into Ireland.

Upon his arrival to take possession of his deanry, he had been received with great kindness and honour; but now, upon his return after the Queen's death, he experienced every possible mark of contempt and indignation. The tables were turned; the power of the Tories and the Dean's credit were at an end; and as a design to bring in the pretender had been imputed to the Queen's ministry, so Swift lay now under much odium, as being supposed to have been a well-wisher in that cause. As soon as he was settled at Dublin, Miss Johnson removed from the country to be near him, but they still lived in separate houses; his residence being at the deanery, and hers in lodgings on the other side of the river Liffy. The Dean kept two public days every week, on which the dignity of his station was sustained with the utmost elegance and decorum, under the direction of Miss Johnson. As to his employment at home, he seems to have had no heart to apply himself to study of any kind, but to have resigned himself wholly to such amusements, and such company as offered; that he might not think of his situation, the misfortunes of his friends, and his disappointments. "I was three years," says he to Gay, "reconciling myself to the scene and business to
c 2 " which

“ which fortune hath condemned me ; and
“ stupidity was what I had recourse to.”

The first remarkable event of his life, after his settlement at the deanery, was his marriage to Miss Johnson, after a most intimate friendship of more than sixteen years. This was in the year 1716 ; and the ceremony was performed privately by Dr. Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher, to whom the Dean had been a pupil in Trinity-colledge, Dublin. But whatever were the motives to this marriage, the Dean and the lady continued to live afterwards, just in the same manner as they had lived before. Mrs. Dingley was still the inseparable companion of Stella, wherever she went ; and she never resided at the deanery, except when the Dean had his fits of giddiness and deafness. Till this time he had continued his visits to Vanessa, (Miss Vanhomrigh), who preserved her reputation and friends, and was visited by many persons of rank, character, and fortune, of both sexes : but now his visits were less frequent. In 1717, her sister died ; and the whole remains of the family-fortune centering in Vanessa, she retired to Selbridge, a small house and estate about twelve miles from Dublin, which had been purchased by her father. From this place she wrote frequently to the Dean, and pressed him, either to accept or refuse her as a wife ; upon which he wrote an answer, and delivered it with his own hand. The receipt of this, which probably communicated the fatal secret

cret of his marriage with Stella, the unhappy lady did not survive many weeks; however, she was sufficiently composed to cancel a will she had formerly made in the Dean's favour, and to make another, in which she left her fortune to her two executors, Dr. Berkeley Bishop of Cloyne, and Mr. Marshall, one of the King's serjeants at law.

From 1716 to 1720 is a chasm in the Dean's life, which it has been difficult to fill up: Lord Orrery thinks, with great reason, that he employed this time upon Gulliver's Travels. This work is a moral political romance, in which Swift has exerted the strongest efforts of a fine irregular genius; but while his imagination and wit delight, it is hardly possible not to be sometimes offended with his satire, which sets not only all human actions, but human nature itself, in the worst light. The truth is, Swift's disappointments had rendered him splenetic and angry with the whole world, and he frequently indulged himself in a misanthropy that is intolerable; he has done so particularly in some parts of this work. About this time the Dean, who had already acquired the character of a humourist and wit, was first regarded with general kindness, as the patriot of Ireland. He writ a proposal for the Irish manufactures, which made him very popular; the more so, as it immediately raised a violent flame, so that a prosecution was commenced against the printer. In 1724, he writ the

Draper's Letters; those brazen monuments of his fame, as Lord Orrery calls them. A patent having been iniquitously procured by one Wood, to coin 180,000 l. in copper for the use of Ireland, by which he would have acquired exorbitant gain, and proportionably impoverished the nation; the Dean, in the character of a draper, wrote a series of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this copper-money. These letters united the whole nation in his praise, filled every street with his effigy, and every voice with acclamations; and Wood, though supported for some time, was at length compelled to withdraw his patent, and his money was totally suppressed. From this time the Dean's influence in Ireland was almost without bounds: He was consulted in whatever related to domestic policy, and particularly to trade. The weavers always considered him as their patron and legislator, after his proposal for the use of Irish manufactures; and when elections were depending for the city of Dublin, many corporations refused to declare themselves, till they knew his sentiments and inclinations. Over the populace he was the most absolute monarch that ever governed men; and he was regarded by persons of every rank with veneration and esteem.

He was several times in England on a visit to Mr. Pope, after his settlement at the deanery, particularly in 1726 and 1727. On the 28th of January 1727, died his beloved Stella,

la, in the 44th year of her age, regretted by the Dean, with such excess of affection, as the keenest sensibility only could feel, and the most excellent character excite; she had been declining from the year 1724. Stella was a most amiable woman, both in person and mind. Her stature was tall, her hair and eyes black, her complexion fair and delicate, her features regular, soft, and animated, her shape easy and elegant, and her manner feminine, polite, and graceful: There was natural music in her voice, and complacency in her aspect: she abounded with wit, which was always accompanied with good nature; her virtue was founded upon humanity, and her religion upon reason; her morals were uniform, but not rigid, and her devotion was habitual, but not ostentatious. “Why the Dean did not sooner marry this most excellent person; why he married her at all; why his marriage was so cautiously concealed; and why he was never known to meet her but in the presence of a third person, are inquiries which no man can answer,” says the writer of his life, “without absurdity.” Now so far at least, if not something farther, we think, may be answered, and without absurdity too. “He did not marry her sooner,” we say, because his original intention was not to marry her at all: he never suffered his behaviour towards females to exceed the limits of Platonic love; and the innocence of his commerce with Vanessa

nessa seems now to be acknowledged by every body, as well as by this writer. "He did marry her at length," probably to cure and put an end to those constant uneasinesses and jealousies, which his frequent visits to Vanessa must naturally raise in her. "His marriage was cautiously concealed," because he never intended to acknowledge her as his wife: and "he was cautious never to meet her but in the presence of a third person," because, by reason of his known intimacy and connection with Stella above all other women, her character was greatly exposed to unfavourable suspicions, and therefore to be guarded with all possible care and tenderness against them. Thus this author's inquiries may manifestly be answered, without absurdity: but the main, and, indeed, sole difficulty is, why Swift should not desire a nearer commerce with such a woman as Stella, and consequently acknowledge and receive her publicly as his wife. Yet the answer has been made a thousand times, though no body seems to acquiesce in it; namely, that "he was not made like other men." Add to this; that Swift was a man of great pride, and could not have borne to be despised, however secretly; that he loved female converse, and to be courted and admired by wits of that sex; of which Stella was at the head; that he despaired of supporting that dignity and credit, even with the delicate Stella, in a state of nearer commerce, which he was always sure
of

preserving at some distance: Add all these considerations together, and the solution of this mighty mystery may probably not appear impossible. Supposing Swift to have been guided in this affair by mere caprice and humour, he cannot but be seen in a most ungracious light, and considered as a man utterly devoid of humanity; for it is generally agreed, that Stella's immature death was occasioned by the peculiarity of his conduct towards her. It appears by several little incidents, that she regretted and disapproved this conduct, and that she sometimes reproached him with unkindness; for to such regret and reproach he certainly alludes, in the following verse on her birthday, in 1726.

- “ O, then whatever heav'n intends,
 “ Take pity on your pitying friends:
 “ Nor let your ills affect your mind,
 “ To fancy they can be unkind;
 “ Me, surely, me you ought to spare,
 “ Who gladly would your sufferings share.”

It is said the Dean did at length earnestly desire, that she might be publicly owned as his wife; but as her health was then declining, she said it was too late, and insisted, that they should continue to live as they had lived before. To this the Dean in his turn consented, and suffered her to dispose entirely of her own fortune, by her own name, to a public charity, when she died.

From the death of Stella his life became
 much

much retired, and the austerity of his temper increased: he could not enjoy his public days; these entertainments were therefore discontinued, and he sometimes avoided the company of his most intimate friends: but in time he grew more desirous of company. In 1732, he complains, in a letter to Mr. Gay, that “ he had a large house, and should
 “ hardly find one visitor, if he was not able
 “ to hire him with a bottle of wine:” and in another to Mr. Pope, that “ he was in dan-
 “ ger of dying poor and friendless, even his
 “ female friends having forsaken him;
 “ which,” as he says, “ vexed him most.” These complaints were afterwards repeated in a strain of yet greater sensibility and self-pity: “ All my friends have forsaken me:”

“ *Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus
 amicis,*

“ Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,

“ To all my friends a burden grown.

As he lived much in solitude, he frequently amused himself with writing; and it is very remarkable, that although his mind was greatly depressed, and his principal enjoyment at an end when Miss Johnson died, yet there is an air of levity and trifling in some of the pieces he wrote afterwards, that is not to be found in any other: such in particular are his directions to servants, and several of his letters to his friend Dr. Sheridan. In

1733, when the attempt was made to repeal the test-act in Ireland, the dissenters often affected to call themselves Brother-protestants, and Fellow-Christians, with the members of the established church. Upon this occasion the Dean wrote a short copy of verses*, which so provoked one Bettsworth, a lawyer and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore, in the hearing of many persons, to revenge himself either by murdering or maiming the author; and, for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the Dean wherever he could be found. This being known, thirty of the nobility and gentry, within the liberty of St. Patrick's, waited upon the Dean in form, and presented a paper subscribed with their names, in which they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country. When this paper was delivered, Swift was in bed, deaf and giddy, yet made a shift to dictate a proper answer †. These fits of deafness and giddiness, which

* Thus at the bar that Blockhead Bettsworth,
Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margin,
Calls Singleton his brother-serjeant.

† The Dean's answer was as follows.

‘ Gentlemen,
‘ I receive, with great thankfulness, these many kind
‘ expressions of your concern for my safety, as well as
‘ your

which were the effects of his surfeit, before he was twenty years old, became more frequent and violent in proportion as he grew into years: and in 1736, while he was writing a satire on the Irish parliament, which he called The Legion Club, he was seized with one of these fits, the effects of which was so dreadful, that he left the copy unfinished, and never afterwards attempted a composition either in prose or verse that required the course of thinking, or perhaps more than one sitting to finish.

‘ your declared resolution to defend me (as far as the
 ‘ laws of God and man will allow) against all murder-
 ‘ ers and ruffians, who shall attempt to enter into the
 ‘ liberty with any bloody and wicked designs upon my
 ‘ life, my limbs, my house, or my goods. Gentlemen,
 ‘ my life is in the hands of God, and, whether it may
 ‘ be cut off by treachery, or open violence, or by the
 ‘ common way of other men, as long as it continues,
 ‘ I shall ever bear a grateful memory for this favour
 ‘ you have shewn, beyond my expectation, and almost
 ‘ exceeding my wishes. The inhabitants of the liber-
 ‘ ty, as well as those of the neighbourhood, have lived
 ‘ with me in great amity for near twenty years; which
 ‘ I am confident will never diminish during my life. I
 ‘ am chiefly sorry, that, by two cruel disorders of deaf-
 ‘ ness and giddiness, which have pursued me for four
 ‘ months, I am not in a condition either to hear or re-
 ‘ ceive you, much less to return you my most sincere
 ‘ acknowledgements, which in justice and gratitude I
 ‘ ought to do. May God bless you and your families
 ‘ in this world, and make you for ever happy in the
 next.’

From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline, and his passions to pervert his understanding; and in 1741 he was so very bad, as to be utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of his person and estate. Early in 1741, his reason was subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. In October his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and several large boils broke out in his arms and body; the extreme pain of which kept him awake near a month, and, during one week, it was with difficulty that five persons restrained him by mere force from pulling out his own eyes. Upon the subsiding of these tumours, he knew those about him; and appeared so far to have recovered his understanding and temper, that there were hopes he might once more enjoy society. These hopes, however, were but of short duration: for, a few days afterwards, he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk cross the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of Dublin, pronounced this to be the case during his illness; and upon opening his body, it appeared that he was not mistaken. After the Dean had continued silent a whole year, in this state of helpless idiotism, his house-keeper went into

his room on the 30th of November in the morning, and told him, it was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual: to which he immediately replied, "It is all folly, they had better let it alone." Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness ended in stupor, seem to prove, that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind. In 1744, he now and then called his servant by name; and once attempting to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he shewed signs of much uneasiness; and at last said, "I am a fool." Once afterwards, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, "bring it here:" and when the same servant was breaking a large hard coal, he said, "that is a stone, you block-head." From this time he was perfectly silent, till the latter end of October 1745, and then died, without the least pang or convulsion, in the 78th year of his age.

His character was very singular, and has been attempted by several writers, the substance of which is as follows. In his person, he was large, robust, and masculine, his deportment was commanding, and his walk erect. His voice was sharp and high toned, especially when he read prayers, but not effeminate; and there was a natural severity in his aspect, which even his smiles could scarce soften, nor could his utmost gaiety relax

lax. He was cleanly even to superstition; his nails were always paired to the quick, to prevent the least gathering of dirt under them, and he never dressed without a basin of water by him, with which he carefully cleansed his feet. Among his singularities, were his resolution never to wear spectacles, and his obstinate perseverance in the use of too much exercise. Regularity was peculiar to him in all his actions, even in the greatest trifles. His hours of walking and reading never varied. His motions were guided by his watch, which was so constantly held in his hand, or placed before him on the table, that he seldom deviated many minutes in the daily revolutions of his exercises and employments. His manner was without ceremony, but not rustic; for he had a perfect knowledge of all the modes and variations of politeness and complaisance, which he practised in a manner peculiar to himself; and the respect that was due to him by these rules, he took care to exact, without the least abatement. He had seen the great world, and profited much by his experience. His capacity and strength of mind were undeniably equal to any task whatsoever. His pride, his spirit, or his ambition, call it by what name you please, was boundless; but his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that disappointment had a visible effect upon all his actions. He was sour and severe, but not absolutely ill-natured. He was sociable only to particular friends, and to

them only at particular hours. In company his rule was never to speak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait at least as long for others to take up the conversation. His colloquial stile, like that of his writing, was clear, forcible, and concise. He greatly excelled in punning, a talent, he said, which no man affected to despise, but those who were without it. But his conversation abounded with turns of wit of a higher kind. The Dean also greatly excelled in telling a story, his sentences were short and perspicuous, his observations piercing; and though in the latter part of his life he was very apt to tell his stories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtues, was always superior to the wretched expedients of those despicable babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off double entendre and profaneness for wit and humour. His conversation was in the highest degree chaste, and wholly free from the least tincture of irreligion. As he was zealous to preserve all the delicacies of conversation, he was always best pleased, when some of the company were ladies. He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation; he was used to say, he was too proud to be vain. He generally spoke as he thought, in all companies, and at all times. If the conversation turned upon serious subjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the issue. He would listen with great attention to the arguments

guments of others, and whether he was engaged or not in the argument, he would recapitulate what had been said, state the question with great clearness and precision, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of some neutral person, or of the majority. It is however true, that he kept his friends in some degree of awe, and was therefore rather an entertaining, than a desirable guest. He was open to adulation and could not, or would not distinguish between low flattery and just applause. Yet he was not less open to admonition, if it was offered without arrogance, and by persons of whose ability and honesty he had no doubt. Such was Swift as a companion; as a master, he was not less remarkable. As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them, by some test of their humility. Among other questions, he always asked whether they understood cleaning shoes, "because," said he, "my kitchen-wench has a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman, is constantly to clean her shoes by turns;" if they scrupled this, the treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a further hearing. He appeared to be churlish and austere to his domestics in general; but in reality was a good master. As a member of civil society, he was a zealous advocate for liberty, the detector of fraud, and the scourge of oppression. In poli-

tics he was neither Whig nor Tory, Jacobite nor Republican; he was Dr. Swift. As an ecclesiastic, he was scrupulously exact, in the exercise of his function, as well with regard to spiritual as temporal things. He was extremely exact and conscientious in promoting the members of his choir according to their merit, and never advanced any person to a vicarage, who was not qualified in all respects in the highest degree. He could never be induced to take fines for any of the chapter-lands. He always chose to raise the rents, as the method least oppressive to the present tenant, and most advantageous to all future tenants and landlords; he constantly refused to give charity out of the chapter-funds, which he alleged were scarce sufficient to maintain the necessary repairs of the cathedral, and he expended more money to support and adorn it, than had been applied to the same use in any period of equal length since it was first built. He was a faithful guardian of the rights of his deanery, and even determined to assert his right of absence against the Archbishop of Dublin, at the expence of several hundred pounds, when he did not believe he should ever again claim the privileges for himself; because he would not hurt his successor by an injurious precedent. The poor, in the liberty of his cathedral, were better regulated than any other in the kingdom: They were all badged, and were never found begging out of their district. For these he built
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and furnished a little alms-house, being assisted by some voluntary contributions, and he preserved among them uncommon cleanliness and decency, by constantly visiting them in person. Nor was his care and kindness confined to his cathedral: he improved his living of Laracor, though he continued there but a short time, and left both the house and glebe a convenient and agreeable retreat to his successor, at a considerable expence. In his private capacity, he was not only charitable but generous, and whatever misanthropy may be found in his writings, there does not appear to have been any in his life. His writings in defence of the poor people of Ireland are well known, and that he might not be wanting himself, while he pleaded their cause with others, he constantly lent out a large sum of money, in small portions, to honest, industrious, and necessitous tradesmen, upon easy terms. Besides this, he frequently gave five and ten pounds, without any parade, when proper objects offered. He was diligent to relieve the poor, and, at the same time, to encourage industry, even in the lowest station; he used regularly to visit a great number of poor, chiefly women, as well in the public streets, as in the bye-alleys, and under the arches of Dublin. If he was not exempt from the infirmity of loving money, yet he was clear of the vice. If his œconomy degenerated into avarice, it must be confessed it did not contract his bounty. He turned

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ed all the evil of excessive frugality upon himself; it induced him to walk, when he had been used to ride, and he would then say, he had earned a shilling or eighteen pence, which he had a right to do what he pleased with, and which he constantly applied to his usual charities, which by this expedient he could continue, and yet expend less upon the whole than before. Whilst he abounded in charity, he was not less diligent in the practice of other virtues, or less devout and constant in the solemnities of religion. He was remarkably temperate, both in eating and drinking. He was not only just, but punctual in his dealings, and he had an inviolable regard for truth. As he constantly attended divine worship when he was at home, so he used always to go early to church when he was in London, and never to sleep without assembling his family in his own chamber to prayers. An abhorrence of hypocrisy was a striking particular in his character; he even carried it to such an excess, that it is not easy to determine, whether it was more a virtue than a vice; for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocrisy, he dreaded the imputation of it, and therefore concealed his piety with as much diligence, as others conceal their vices, which custom has not made reputable. As his abhorrence of hypocrisy exempted him from affectation, the natural equity of his mind secured

cured him against envy. He cultivated genius wherever he found it, and in whatever degree, with great zeal and assiduity; and would frequently spend much time in correcting and improving any literary compositions that had the least appearance of ingenuity. As a writer, he had no equal. His style is masterly, correct, and strong, never diffusive, yet always clear; and if we consider it in comparison of his predecessors, he has outdone them all, and is one, perhaps the chief, of those few select English writers, who have excelled in elegance and propriety of language. In politics, his favourite topic, he appears like a masterly gladiator; he wields the sword of party with ease, justness, and dexterity, and while he entertains the ignorant and the vulgar, he draws an equal attention from the learned and the great. When he is serious, his gravity becomes him; when he laughs, his readers must laugh with him. In poetry, he would not take pains to excell: but became, in some measure, superior to it, and assumed more the air and manner of a critic, than a poet. But what shall be said for his love of trifles, and his want of delicacy and decorum? Forgive him these errors, and draw a veil over certain excrescences of wit and humour; you will then admire him as an honour to the public, and a scourge to all the knaves and fools of his time. Upon the whole, his conduct was greatly variegated, so much

as to appear even capricious and contradictory. However, if we look a little deeper than the surface, these seeming contradictions will be found to arise from the same principles. Swift was naturally temperate and chaste, it was therefore easy for him to be frugal; but he was also naturally high-spirited: and therefore, as wealth is the pledge of independence, it is not strange his frugality should verge to excess. However, as he acted upon Christian principles of general virtue, he did not deliver himself up to natural propensions, when contrary to his duty; and therefore his love of money did not contract his charity to the poor, or defraud his successors to enrich himself. The same spirit which secured his integrity, by disdaining the meanness of a lie, produced that dread of hypocrisy which concealed his piety, and betrayed him into appearances of evil: and the same want of natural tenderness which made him obdurate and austere, transferred the distribution of his liberality from instinct to religion. Such was *Jonathan Swift*, whose life, with all the advantages of genius and learning, was a scale of infelicity, gradually ascending, till pain and anguish destroyed the faculties by which they were felt. An instructive lesson to teach the wise humility, and the simple content.

By his will, which is dated in May 1740, just before he ceased to be a reasonable being,
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he left about 1200 l. in legacies *; and the rest of his fortune, which amounted to about 11,000 l. to erect and endow an hospital for idiots and lunatics. He was buried in the great isle of St. Patrick's cathedral, under a stone of black marble, inscribed with the following Latin epitaph: It was written by himself, and shews a most unhappy misanthropic state of mind.

“ Hic depositum est corpus

“ Jonathan Swift, S. T. P.

“ Hujus ecclesiæ cathedralis decani

“ Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare
nequit,

“ Abi, viator, & imitare,

“ Si poteris,

“ Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicatorem.

“ Obiit, &c.”

* His will, like all his other writings, is drawn up in a peculiar manner. Even in so serious a composition he could not help indulging himself in leaving legacies that carry with them an air of raillery and jest. He disposes of his three hats, his best, his second best, and his third best beaver, with an ironical solemnity that renders the bequests ridiculous. He bequeaths ‘ to ‘ Mr. John Gratton a silver box, to keep in it the tobacco which the said John usually chewed, called ‘ pigtail.’ But his legacy to Mr. Robert Gratton is still more extraordinary. ‘ Item, I bequeath to Mr. ‘ Robert Gratton, prebendary of St. Andrew’s, my ‘ strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of ‘ the said box to his brother, Dr. James Gratton, during the life of the said Doctor, who hath more occasion for it.’



SOME PARTICULARS CONCERNING DR. SWIFT.

Taken from Mrs. PILKINGTON'S Memoirs.

MR S. Pilkington's acquaintance with Dr. Swift commenced from sending him the lines on his birth-day, vol. 8. p. 349. These the Dean received very kindly, and said, he would see her whenever she pleased.

A few days after, she was introduced to the Dean in Dr. Delany's garden at Delville, by a gentlewoman. He saluted her, and asked the lady, if she was her daughter? The lady smiled, and said she was Mrs. Pilkington. "What," says he, "this poor little child married! God help her she is early engaged to trouble." The Dean engaging Mr. Pilkington to preach for him at the cathedral next Sunday, invited her, with the rest of the company, to dinner. As the communion is administered every Sunday in St. Patrick's church, Mrs. Pilkington was charmed to see with what a becoming piety the Dean performed that holy service, which he had so much at heart, that he wanted not the assistance of the liturgy, but went quite through it without ever looking on the book. He bowed at the table; which behaviour was censured, as favouring of popery. But this circumstance may vindicate him from the wicked aspersions of being deemed an unbeliever, since it is plain he had the utmost reverence for the eucharist. Service being ended, the Dean was surrounded at the church-door, by a crowd of poor; to all of whom he

charity, except an old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him. He told her, very gravely, That though she was a beggar, water was not so scarce but she might have washed her hands. When they came to the deanry, the Dean kindly saluted Mrs. Pilkington, and, without allowing her time to sit down, bade her come and see his library; but merrily told Mr. Pilkington, who was for following them, that he did not desire his company. "Well," said he to her, "I have brought you here to shew you all the money I got when I was in the ministry; but don't steal any of it." "I won't indeed, Sir," said she. So opening a cabinet, he shewed her a parcel of empty drawers; "Bless me," says he, "the money is flown." He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, some of which were presented to him by the Earl and Countess of Oxford, Lady Masham, and Lady Betty Germain. At last coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade her chuse two for herself; but he could not help smiling, when she began to poize them in her hands, chusing them by weight rather than antiquity.

At dinner, the Dean's behaviour was very humorous. He placed himself at the head of his table, opposite to a great pier glass, so that he could see in the glass whatever the servants did behind him. He was served entirely in plate, with great elegance. But the beef being over-roasted, put the company all in confusion. The Dean called for the cook maid, and ordered her to take the beef down stairs, and do it less. She answered, very innocently, that she could not. "Why, what sort of a creature are you," says he, "to commit a fault which cannot be amended!" And turning to Mrs. Pilkington, he said very gravely, "That he hoped, as the cook was a woman of genius, he should, by this manner of arguing, be

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“able, in about a year’s time, to convince her that she had better send up the meat too little than too much done;” charging the men-servants, whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they should take it, spit and all, and bring it up by force, promising to aid them in case the cook resisted. Then turning his eye on the looking-glass, he espied the butler opening a bottle of ale; and helping himself to the first glass, he very kindly jumbled the rest together, that his master and guests might all fare alike. “Ha! friend,” said the Dean, “Sharp’s the word, I find, you drank my ale, for which I stop two shillings of your board-wages this week; for I scorn to be outdone in any thing, even in cheating.”

Dinner being ended, the Dean thanked Mr. Pilkington for his sermon; “I never,” said he, “preached but twice in my life; and then they were not sermons, but pamphlets.” Mrs. Pilkington asked him, what might be the subject of them? He told her, they were against Wood’s halfpence. Having asked Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, if they could smoke; and being answered that they did not; “’Tis a sign,” said he, “you were neither of you bred in the university of Oxford; for drinking and smoking are the first rudiments of learning taught there; and in these two arts, no university in Europe can outdo them.” Having asked Mrs. Pilkington, if she had any faults? “Pray Mr. Dean,” said Dr. Delany, “why will you be so unpolite as to suppose Mrs. Pilkington has any faults?” “I’ll tell you,” replied the Dean, “whenever I see a number of agreeable qualities in any person, I am always sure they have bad ones sufficient to poise the scale.” Mrs. Pilkington bowed and told him, he did her great honour; in that copying Bp. Berkeley, whom she had frequently heard declare, That when any speech was made to him, which might

might be construed either into a compliment or an affront, or that had two handles, he always took hold of the best.

The Dean then asked Mrs. Pilkington, if she were a Queen, what she would chuse to have after dinner? She answered, "Your conversation, Sir." "Pooh," said he, "I mean, what regale?" "A dish of coffee, Sir," answered she. "Why then," said he, "I will so far make you as happy as a Queen: you shall have some in perfection: for when I was chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who was in the government here, I was so poor, I was obliged to keep a coffee house, and all the nobility resorted to it to talk treason." The Dean then set about making the coffee; but the fire scorching his hand, he called to Mrs. Pilkington to reach him his glove; and changing the coffee pot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordering her to put the glove on it; which accordingly she did; when taking up part of his gown to fan himself with, and acting in the character of a prudish lady, he said, "Well, I do not know what to think: women may be honest that do such things; but, for my part, I never could bear to touch any man's flesh --- except my husband's: whom, perhaps, (said he) she wished at the devil."

"Mr. Pilkington," said he, "you would not tell me your wife's faults; but I have found her out to be a d---n'd insolent, proud, unmanly slut." "What has she done now?" said Mr. Pilkington. "Done," said the Dean; "why nothing, but sat there quietly, and never once offered to interrupt me in making the coffee; whereas a lady of modern good-breeding would have struggled with me for the coffee-pot, till she had made me scald myself and her, and made me throw the coffee in the fire, or perhaps at

“ her head, rather than permit me to take so
 “ much trouble for her.”

Mrs. Pilkington staid at home with the Dean during the time of the afternoon service; and he made her read his History of the four last years of Q. Anne, asking her, at the conclusion of every period, whether she understood it? “ for I would,” said he, “ have it intelligible to the meanest capacity; and if you comprehend it, ’tis possible everybody may.”

She accompanied the Dean to evening prayers; and on their return to the deanry, he told Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, that he gave them leave to stay to supper; which, from him, was a sufficient invitation. The Dean then decanted a bottle of wine; and the last glass being muddy, he called to Mr. Pilkington to drink it; “ for,” says he, “ I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me.” Mr. Pilkington entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him, he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate. “ Why then,” said the Dean, “ you shan’t; for I’ll drink it myself. Why p---x take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate, whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for, upon my making the same speech to him, he told me he did not understand such usage; and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me, that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him.”

The Dean then missing his golden bottle-screw, told Mrs. Pilkington very sternly, he was sure she had stolen it. She affirmed very seriously, she had not. Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himself had laid it: “ ’Tis well for you,” said he, “ that I have got it, or I would have charged you with theft.” “ Why, pray, Sir,” said she, “ should I be suspected more than any other
 “ person

“ person in the company ? ” “ For a very good reason,” said he, “ because you are the poorest.”

At their going away, the Dean handed Mrs. Pilkington down all the steps to the coach, thanking them for the honour of their company, at the same time slipping into her hand as much money as Mr. Pilkington and she had given at the offering in the morning, and coach hire also ; which she durst not refuse, lest she should have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parson who refused the thick wine.

In one of the Dean’s periodical fits of deafness he sent for Mrs. Pilkington ; who having come, he brought out to her a large book, finely bound in Turkey leather, and handsomely gilt ; “ This,” said he, “ is a translation of the epistles of Horace ; a present to me from the author ; ’tis a special good cover ; but I have a mind there should be something valuable within side of it.” So, taking out his pen-knife, he cut out all the leaves close to the inner margin. “ Now,” said he “ I will give these what they greatly want ; ” and put them all into the fire. “ Your task, Madam, is to paste in these letters in this cover, in the order I shall give them to you : I intended to do it myself, but that I thought it might be a pretty amusement for a child ; so I sent for you.” She told him she was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands ; but requested to have leave to read the letters as she went on. “ Why,” said the Dean, “ provided you will acknowledge yourself amply rewarded for your trouble, I don’t much care if I indulge you so far.”

In reading the letters, she could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that, notwithstanding the friendship Mr. Pope professed for Mr. Gay, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or, if she might be allowed to say so, envious remarks on the success of the Beggar’s Opera. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. Pope was so

candid to the merit of other writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to ask the Dean, whether he thought the lines Mr. Pope addresses him with in the beginning of the *Dunciad*, were any compliment to him? *viz*

O thou! whatever title please thine ear.

“ I believe,” said he, “ they were meant as such, but they are very stiff.” “ Indeed, Sir,” said she, he is so perfectly a master of harmonious numbers, that, had his heart been the least affected with the subject, he must have writ better. “ How cold, how forced, are his lines to you, compared with your’s to him ?”

Hail, happy Pope, whose generous mind, &c.

“ Here we see the masterly poet, and the warm, sincere, generous friend; while he, according to the character he gives of Mr. Addison, *damns with faint praise*.— “ Well,” replied the Dean, “ I’ll shew you a late letter of his.” He did so; and Mrs. Pilkington was surprised to find it filled with low and ungentleman-like reflections, both on Mr. Gay, and the two noble persons who honoured him with their patronage after his disappointment at court. “ Well, Madam,” said the Dean, “ what do you think of that letter ?” (seeing she had gone quite through it). “ Indeed, Sir,” (replied she) “ I am sorry I have read it: for it gives me reason to think, there is no such thing, as a sincere friend to be met with in the world.”— “ Why,” replied he, “ authors are as jealous of their prerogative as kings: and can no more bear a rival in the empire of wit, than a monarch could in his dominions.” Mrs. Pilkington then observing a Latin sentence writ in Italics, desired the Dean to explain it. “ No,” replied he, smiling,

“ I’ll

“ I’ll leave that for your husband to do. I’ll send for him to dine with us, and, in the mean time, we’ll go and take a walk in Naboth’s vineyard.” Where may that be, pray, Sir ?” said she. “ Why, a garden,” said the Dean, “ I cheated one of my neighbours out of.” When they entered the garden, or rather the field, which was square, and inclosed with a stone wall, the Dean asked her how she liked it ? “ Why, pray, Sir,” said she, “ where is the garden ?” “ Look behind you,” said he. She did so ; and observed the south wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit-trees planted against it; which being then in blossom, looked very beautiful. What are you so intent on said the Dean ? “ The opening bloom,” replied she; which brought Waller’s lines to her remembrance.

Hope waits upon the flow’ry prime.

“ Oh !” replied he, “ you are in a poetical vein ; I thought you had been taking notice of my wall. ’Tis the best in Ireland. When the masons were building it, (as most tradesmen are rogues) I watched them very close, and as often as they could, they put in a rotten stone; of which, however, I took no notice, till they had built three or four perches beyond it. Now, as I am an absolute monarch in the liberties, and king of the mob, my way with them was, to have the wall thrown down to the place where I observed the rotten stone; and by doing so five or six times, the workmen were at last convinced it was their interest to be honest.” --- “ Or else, Sir,” said Mrs Pilkington, “ your wall would have been as tedious a piece of work as Penelope’s web, if all that was done in the day was to be undone at night.” “ Well,” answered the Dean, “ I find you have poetry for every occasion ; but as you cannot keep pace with me in walking, I would have you sit down on that little bank, till

“ till you are rested or I tired, to put us more upon
“ a par.”

She seated herself, and away the Dean walked, or rather trotted as hard as ever he could drive. She could not help smiling at his odd gait; for she thought to herself, he had written so much in praise of horses, that he was resolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As she was indulging this fancy, the Dean returned to her, and gave her a strong confirmation of his partiality to those animals. “ I
“ have been considering, Madam, as I walked,” said he, “ what a fool Mr. Pilkington was to marry you: for he could have afforded to keep a
“ horse for less money than you cost him; and that, you must confess, would have given him
“ better exercise and more pleasure than a wife. Why, you laugh, and don’t answer me—is it not
“ truth?”—“ I must answer you, Sir,” replied she with another question; Pray how can a bachelor judge of this matter?” “ I find,” said he, “ you are vain enough to give yourself the preference.” “ I do, Sir,” replied she, “ to that
“ species here; to a Houyhnhnm, I would, as becomes me, give preference. But, Sir, ’tis going
“ to rain.”—“ I hope not, said he, “ for that
“ will cost me sixpence for a coach for you.” (the garden being at some distance from the house);
“ Come haste; O how the tester trembles in my
“ pocket!” She obeyed, and they got in a doors just time enough to escape a heavy shower. “ Thank
“ God,” said the Dean, “ I have saved my money. Here, you fellow,” (to the servant) “ carry this sixpence to the lame old man that sells
“ gingerbread in the corner, because he tries to do
“ something, and does not beg.”

Mrs. Pilkington was shewed into a little street-parlour, where was Mrs. Brent, his house-keeper. “ Here,” says he, “ Mrs. Brent, take care of this
“ child, while I take my walk out within doors.”

The

The Dean then ran up the great-stairs, down one pair of back-stairs, up another, in so violent a manner, that Mrs. Pilkington could not help expressing her uneasiness to Mrs. Brent, lest he should fall, and be hurted. Mrs. Brent said, it was a customary exercise with him, when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad.

Mrs. Brent then told Mrs. Pilkington, of the Dean's charity; of his giving above half his yearly income in private pensions to decayed families; and keeping 500*l.* in the constant service of industrious poor, which he lent out 5*l.* at a time, and took the payment back at 1*s.* a-week, which, she observed, did them more service than if he gave it them entirely, as it obliged them to work, and at the same time kept up his charitable fund for the assistance of many. "You cannot imagine," said she, "what numbers of poor tradesmen, who have even wanted proper tools to carry on their work, have, by this small loan, been put into a prosperous way, and brought up their families in credit. The Dean," added she, "has found out a new method of being charitable, in which, however, I believe, he would have but few followers; which is, to debar himself of what he calls the superfluities of life, in order to administer to the necessities of the distressed. You just now saw an instance of it, the money a coach would have cost him. he gave to a poor man unable to walk. When he dines alone, he drinks a pint of beer, and gives away the price of a pint of wine. And thus he acts in numberless instances."

The Dean came to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington at their Lilliputian palace, as he called it; and, who would have thought it? he just looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into Mrs. Pilkington's bed-chamber and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and the house being very clean, he complimented her upon it,

it. and told her that it was his custom; and that it was from the cleanliness of the garret and kitchen, he judged of the housewifery of the mistress of the house; for no doubt but a slut would have the room clean where the guests were to be entertained.

He was sometimes very rude, even to his superiors; of which the following story, related to Mrs. Pilkington by himself, may serve as one instance amongst a thousand others.

The last time he was in London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The Earl being willing, 'tis supposed, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. It is to be observed, that his gown was generally very rusty, and his person no way extraordinary. After dinner, said the Dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear, you can sing; sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused him. He said, she should sing, or he would make her. "Why, Madam, I suppose, you take me for one of your poor English hedge parsons: sing when I bid you." As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed, that she burst into tears, and retired.

His first compliment to her when he saw her again, was, "Pray, Madam, are you as proud, and as ill-natured now, as when I saw you last?" To which she answered, with great good humour; "No, Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you, if you please." From which time he conceived great esteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his bluntnefs?

Mrs. Pilkington could not recollect that ever she saw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him; for when any pleasantry past, which might have excited it, he used to suck his cheeks,

to avoid risibility. He used frequently to put her in mind of Shakespear's discription of Cassius.

He is a great discerner, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men——

Seidom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Jul. Cæsar.

Mrs. Pilkington believed the Dean's early youth did not promise that bright day of wit which has since enlightened the learned world. Whilst he was at the university of Dublin, he was so far from being distinguished for any superiority of parts or learning, that he was stopped of his degree as a dunce. When she heard the Dean relate this circumstance, she told him, she supposed he had been idle; but he affirmed to the contrary, assuring her he was really dull. Which, if true, is very surprising.

“ I have,” says she, “ often been led to look on
“ the world as a garden, and the human minds as
“ so many plants, set by the hand of the great
“ Creator for utility and ornament. Thus some,
“ we see, early produce beautiful blossoms, and as
“ soon fade away; others, whose gems are more
“ slow in unfolding, but more permanent when
“ blown; and others, again, who, though longer
“ in arriving at perfection, not only bless us then
“ with shade and odour, but also with delicious
“ wholesome fruit.”

He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning; and utterly incapable of envy; for in true genuine wit, he could fear no rival.

It has been often observed, that where great talents are bestowed, there the strongest passions are likewise given. This great man did but too often let them have dominion over him, and that on the most trifling occasions. During meal-times he was
evermore

evermore in a storm; the meat was always too much or too little done, or the servants had offended in some point, imperceptible to the rest of the company: however, when the cloth was taken away, he made his guests rich amends for the pain he had given. For then

Was truly mingled in the friendly bowl.

The feast of reason, and the flow of soul. *Pope.*

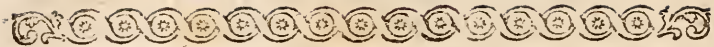
Yet he preserved strict temperance; for he never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glass of which he mixed water and sugar: yet, if he liked his company, he would sit many hours over it, unlocking all the springs of policy, learning, true humour, and inimitable wit.

The following story the Dean told to Mrs Pilkington.

A clergyman, who was a most learned fine gentleman, but, under the softest and politest appearance, concealed the most turbulent ambition, having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with the mitre. Dr. Swift went to congratulate him on it; but told him, he hoped, as his Lordship was a native of Ireland, and had now a seat in the house of Peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the service of his distressed country. The prelate told him, the bishopric was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the court. "Very well," says Swift, "then it is hoped, when you have a better, you will become an honest man." "Ay, that I will, Mr. Dean," said he, "Till then, my Lord, farewell," answered Swift. This prelate was twice translated to richer sees; and on every translation. Dr Swift waited on him to remind him of his promise; but to no purpose; there was now an archbishopric in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done. Having in a short time likewise got this, he then

sent for the Dean, and told him, "I am now at
" the top of my preferment; for I well know no
" Irishman will ever be made primate; therefore,
" as I can rise no higher in fortune or station, I
" will zealously promote the good of my country."
And from that time he commenced a most outrageous patriot.





A CRITICISM ON SWIFT'S PROSE- WRITINGS.

By the EARL of ORRERY.

IF we consider Swift's prose works, we shall find a certain masterly conciseness in their style, that hath never been equalled by any other writer. The truth of this assertion will more evidently appear, by comparing him with some of the authors of his own time. Of these Dr. Tillotson and Mr. Addison are to be numbered among the most eminent. Addison hath all the powers that can captivate and improve: his diction is easy, his periods are well turned, his expressions are flowing, and his humour is delicate. Tillotson is nervous, grave, majestic, and perspicuous. We must join both these characters together to form a true idea of Dr. Swift; yet as he outdoes Addison in humour, he excels Tillotson in perspicuity. The archbishop indeed confined himself to subjects relative to his profession: but Addison and Swift are more diffusive writers. They continually vary in their manner, and treat different topics in a different style. When the writings of Addison terminate in party, he loses himself extremely, and from a delicate and just comedian, deviates into one of the lowest kind*. Not so Dr. Swift. He appears like a masterly gladiator. He wields the sword of party with ease, justness, and dexterity: and while he entertains the ignorant and the vulgar, he draws

* See the papers called the *Freeholder*.

an equal attention from the learned and the great. When he is serious, his gravity becomes him, when he laughs, his reader must laugh with him. But what shall be said for his love of trifles, and his want of delicacy and decorum? errors, that if he did not contract, at least he increased in Ireland. They are without a parallel. I hope they will ever remain so. The first of them arose merely from his love of flattery, with which he was daily fed in that kindom: the secret proceeded from the misanthropy of his disposition, which induced him peevishly to debase mankind, and even to ridicule human nature itself. Politics were his favourite topic, as they gave him an opportunity of gratifying his ambition, and thirst of power; yet in this road he has seldom continued long in one path. He has written miscellaneously, and has chosen rather to appear a wandering comet, than a fixed star. Had he applied the faculties of his mind to one great and useful work, he must have shined more gloriously, and might have enlightened a whole planetary system in the political world.

There are some few pieces in his works that I despise. others that I lothe, but many more that delight and improve me. The former are not worthy of notice. They are of no farther use than to shew us, in general, the errors of human nature; and to convince us, that neither the height of wit nor genius can bring a man to such a degree of perfection, as vanity would often prompt him to believe.

In a disquisition of this sort, I shall avoid as much as possible any annotations upon that kind of satire in which the Dean indulged himself against particular persons: most of whom it is probable provoked his rage by their own misconduct, and consequently owed to their own rashness the wounds which they received from his pen. But I have no delight in those kind of writings except for the sake of the

wit, which, either in general or in particular satire, is equally to be admired. The edge of wit will always remain keen, and its blade will be bright and shining, when the stone upon which it has been whetted, is worn out, or thrown aside and forgotten. Personal satire against civil magistrates, corrupt ministers, and those giants of power, who gorge themselves with the entrails of their country, is different from that personal satire, which too often proceeds merely from self-love or ill-nature. The one is written in defence of the public, the other in defence of ourselves. The one is armed by the sword of justice, and encouraged not only by the voice of the people, but by the principles of morality; the other is dictated by passion, supported by pride, and applauded by flattery. At the same time that I say this, I think every man of wit has a right to laugh at fools, who give offence, and at coxcombs, who are public nuisances. Swift indeed has left no weapon of far asin untried, no branch of satire uncultivated; but while he has maintained a perpetual war against the mighty men in power, he has remained invulnerable, if not victorious.

See the criticisms in vol. vii. p. 107. and in vol. ix. p. 258.





A

T A L E

O F A

T U B.





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A
T A L E
O F A
T U B.

Written for the universal improvement of mankind.

Diu multumque desideratum.

To which are added,

An Account of a BATTLE between the ancient and
modern BOOKS in St. James's Library; and,

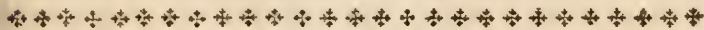
A Discourse concerning the MECHANICAL OPERATION
of the SPIRIT.

With the Author's APOLOGY; and,

Explanatory notes, by W. WOTTON, B. D. and others.

*Bafyma cacabafa eanaa, irraumifla diarhada caëota
bafchor camelanthi. Iren. lib. i. cap. 18.*

—— *Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora mufæ.* Lucret.



The AUTHOR's APOLOGY.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon
mankind, I might have faved myself the trouble
of this apology; for it is manifefl, by the recep-
tion the following difcourfe hath met with, that

those who approve it, are a great majority among the men of taste. - Yet there have been two or three treatises written expressly against it, besides many others that have flirted at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember; except by the polite author of a late discourse between a Deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live at least as long as our language and our taste admit no great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished about thirteen years since, 1696; which is eight years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could: I say, real ones; because under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire, that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new; the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers; which was to make up the body of the discourse: Those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world; and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself: Therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, or graver characters; and which he could have easily corrected

rected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid, and the tasteless; which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful follies, which, from the grave and the wise, may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty; and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those, who have neither candor to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry to see the follies of Fanaticism and Superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner? since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading. Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions: It celebrates the church of England as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on. *Nondum tibi desuit hostis*; I mean those heavy, illiterate scriblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes; who, to the shame of good sense, as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion;

ligion; in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors, that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that Reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described; whose errors, ignorance, dulness, and villany, he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be infected by them, would soon lay them aside, and be ashamed. But he has now given over those thoughts; since the *weightiest* men * in the *weightiest* stations, are pleased to think it a more dangerous point, to laugh at those corruptions in religion, which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations wherein all Christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: Yet several have gone a farther step, and pronounced another book * to have been the work of the same hand with this; which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake, he having yet never so

* Alluding to Dr. Sharp Archbishop of York's representation of the author.

* Letter concerning enthusiasm.

much as read that discourse : A plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of style, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law, or in physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains ; especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science. But religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed ; and they tell us truth : yet surely the corruptions in it may ; for we are taught by the tritest maxim in the world, that religion being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse, which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance ; it is in sect. 1. parag. 3. from the end, Dryden, L'Esrange, and some others I shall not name, are here levelled at ; who, having spent their lives in faction, and apostasies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of his merits and sufferings ; thanks God, that he *possesses his soul in patience* ; in other places he talks at the same rate ; and L'Esrange often uses the like style ; and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application. But this is enough to direct those who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages ; which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn, by great force, to hint as ill meanings ; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to

all which, the author solemnly protests he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations; which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design; the abuses he notes, being such as all church-of-England men agree in: nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the introduction: In the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that, I suppose, they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number *three*; from whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of *four* being much more cabalistic, and therefore better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers; a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book; which the men of taste will observe and distinguish, and which will render some objections that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against the ensuing discourse; which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion, after the usual fate of common answerers to books
which

which are allowed to have any merit. They are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer; but fall and die with the leaves in Autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr. Eachard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of those answerers immediately started up, whose memory, if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he were ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece. So we still read Marvel's answer to Parker * with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago; so the Earl of Orrery's remarks will be read with delight, when the dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found †. But these are no enterprises for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider, that to answer a book effectually, requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning, and judgment, than were employed in the writing it. And the author assures those gentlemen who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left; and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections. And do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however invenomed the

* Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, wrote many treatises against the Dissenters, with insolence and contempt, says Burnet that enraged them beyond measure: for which he was chastised by Andrew Marvel, under secretary to Milton, in a little book called, *The Rebearfal transposed*.

† Boyle's remarks upon Bentley's dissertation on the epistles of Phalaris,

mouths may be that discharge them? He hath seen the productions but of two answerers; one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person †, who, upon some occasions hath discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which otherwise might often be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this: He writ against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work, which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others. The manner how he handled his *subject*, I have now forgot; having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title*.

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation †; in the latter of which he hath generally succeeded well enough. And the project, at that time, was not amiss to draw in readers to his pamphlet; several having appeared desirous, that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part; because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had

† Supposed to be Dr. William King, the civilian, author of an account of Denmark, a dissertation on samplers, and other pieces of burlesque on the Royal Society, and the art of cookery, in imitation of Horace's art of poetry, &c.

* This we cannot recover at present, it being so absolutely forgotten, the oldest booksellers in trade remember nothing of it.

† Wotton's defence of his reflections upon ancient and modern learning. From the annotations are selected the notes signed, W. Wotton. Thus Wotton appears busied to illustrate a work, which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a satire pointed against himself: As captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat,

given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unfuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally revered for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person. It was observed, how he was pleased, and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told, Sir William Temple was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt, by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew Porfenna's case; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But, his Lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist*, it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the *Battle of the books*; and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by assuring the reader, that, for the greater part, the reflecter is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candor. He allows two or three at most, there produced, to have been delivered un-

* Bentley, concerning Phalaris and Æsop.

warily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth, and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the *design*. What that was, I have already told; and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what *design* this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own. Surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity, at least mixed with the *design* of serving the public by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that, through the whole book, he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances to prove *this author's wit is not his own in many places*. The first is, that the names of *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack*, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham*. Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which, however, is odd enough, and

* Villers.

what he hardly believes; that of Jack being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to shew *the author's wit is not his own*, is *Peter's banter* (as he calls it in his *Alfatia* phrase) upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same Duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the *tale* was written in 1697; and, I think, that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary, that corruption should have some allegory as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without inquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find there is not the least resemblance between the two stories. The third instance is in these words: *I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's library is, mutatis mutandis, taken out of a French book, intituled, Combat des livres, if I misremember not.* In which passage there are two clauses observable: *I have been assured*; and, *if I misremember not.* I desire first to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle: but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiarist; which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this, as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a pauntry, imitating pedant, and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen

seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title. But let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to shew one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else.

So that, if ever any *design* was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer; who, when he would have it observed, that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentleman deal with the world in those criticisms where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious, how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business, as a commentator upon the *Tale of a Tub*, wherein it cannot be denied, that he hath been of some service to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages. But it is the frequent error of those men, (otherwise very commendable for their labours), to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them,

nor give them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby *, would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse. But *optat ephippia bos piger*: The dull, unwildy, ill-shaped ox, would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the sake of superior beings; and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed of that noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon somebody, I know not who, in the country. To which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are, at best, too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the same time fixes, in print, what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserved it. A man who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets, and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for this *discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious* answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations; and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface, that they

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of schoolboys.

apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth; only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could; which indeed was needless, the author not being at all prepared. But he has been told, the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left, he knows not. Had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages against which nothing hath been ever objected. He would likewise have altered a few of those that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book there is a discourse, called, *A fragment*; which he more wondered to see in print, than all the rest; having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman, who had designed a discourse on somewhat the same subject. He never thought of it afterwards; and it was a sufficient surprise to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended; for it was the ground-work of a much larger discourse, and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one farther objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, That Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the i-

dea of a profane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the Popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imagine them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas: and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find, that the severest strokes of satire, in his book, are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics; of which there is a remarkable instance in sect. 7. parag. 7. as well as in several others, though perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alledged. Some overtures have been made, by a third hand, to the bookseller, for the author's altering those passages which he thought might require it. But it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this apology, without making this one reflection, That as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill-manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it *banter*, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in White-Friers, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics. But if this *bantering*, as they call it, be so despisable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch towards it themselves?

To instance only in the answerer already mentioned: It is grievous to see him, in some of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be wag-gish, to tell us of *a cow that pricked up her tail*; and in his answer to this discourse, he says, *It is all a farce and a laddle*; with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at least not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude: With those allowances above required, this book should be read; after which, the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark, which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the public or himself.

The author is informed, that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentlemen to write some explanatory notes; for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute-bookseller hath published a foolish paper, under the name of *Notes on the Tale*.

Tale of a Tub, with some account of the author; and with an insolence, which I suppose is punishable by law, hath presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author further asserts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand; which every reader of judgement will easily discover: The gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties, besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *desiderata*. But if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth, and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

Treatises written by the same author, most of them mentioned in the following discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the present set of *wits* in this island.

A panegyric essay upon the number *three*.

A dissertation upon the principal productions of *Grubstreet*.

Letters upon a dissection of human nature.

A panegyric upon the world.

An analytical discourse upon zeal, *histori-theo-physi-logically* considered.

A general history of *ears*.

A modest defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages.

A description of the kingdom of *absurdities*.

A voyage into England, by a person of quality in *Terra Australis incognita*, translated from the original.

A critical essay upon the art of *canting*, philosophically, physically, and musically, considered.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN LORD SOMMERS.

My LORD,

Although the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption, to inscribe these papers to your Lordship, and to implore your Lordship's protection of them. God and your Lordship know their faults, and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your Lordship's name on the front in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition: Neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your Lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but, chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe

scribe an abstract, to be applied to your Lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed, written in large letters, the two following words, **DETUR DIGNISSIMO**; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay, to translate out of that language.) I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who Englished it thus, *Let it be given to the worthiest*. And his comment was, that the author meant his works should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age, for wit, learning, judgement, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber, (who works for my shop), in an alley hard by, shewed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean. He told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and, at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess. Why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Sommers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your Lordship and themselves. Now, your Lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a maxim, That those to whom every body allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your Lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications,

dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid, to furnish me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your Lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves. Therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself, as fifty shillings out of pocket to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication, (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers; and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your Lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your Lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage, in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of Austria; or of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphysics*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candor, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men;

men; with forty other common topics; I confess, I have neither conscience, nor countenance to do it: because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen or unobserved by your *friends*, your *enemies* * have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your Lordship's virtues should be lost to after ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly, because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a *late reign* †: and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that, as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither, in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons *liberality*, to spend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues *, and some-

* In 1701, Lord Sommers was impeached by the Commons, who either finding their proofs defective, or for other reasons, delayed coming to a trial; and the Lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him.

† K. William's; whose memory he defended in the House of Lords, against some invidious reflections of the Earl of Nottingham.

* Sir John Sommers was Attorney-General; then made Lord Keeper of the Seals in 1692, and Lord High Chancellor and Baron of Evesham, in April 1697.

times to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially when it is offered by one, who is, with all respect and veneration,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most faithful servant,

THE BOOKSELLER.

THE

* * * * *

T H E
B O O K S E L L E R

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

IT is now six years * since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written: For the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697: and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

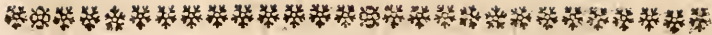
As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction. However, I am credibly informed, that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: So that whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trou-

* The Tale of a Tub was first published in 1704.

ble. There yet remains a difficult question, Why I published them no sooner? I forbore upon two accounts: first, because I thought I had better work upon my hands; and secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy †, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined; or, as our present writers express themselves, *fitted to the humour of the age*; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccacini, La Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

† See the Apology, p. 13.



The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

To his Royal Highness

PRINCE POSTERITY.

S I R,

I Here present *your Highness* with the fruits of a very few leisure-hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this, the poor production of that refuse of time which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather. For which, and other reasons, it cannot chuse extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of *your Highness*, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes. For although *your Highness* is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of ap-

The citation out of Irenæus in the *title-page*, which seems to be all *gibberish*, is a form of initiation, used anciently by the Marcesian heretics. *W. Wotton.*

It is the usual style of decried writers, to appeal to *Posterity*; who is here represented as a Prince in his nonage, and *Time* as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by personating other writers, who sometimes offer such reasons and excuses for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal, and be ashamed of.

pellants

pellants were enough to shock and startle any judge of a genius less unlimited than yours. But, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the *person*, it seems, to whose care the education of *your Highness* is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost an universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this *person* should have assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading *your Highness*, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when *your Highness* shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect enquiring into the authors of the very age before you. And to think that this *insolent*, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention: It moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom I know, by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that when *your Highness* will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your *governor* upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs), by asking *your Highness*, Where they are? and, what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! Who has mislaid them? Are they sunk in the abyss of things? It is certain, that in their own nature they were *light* enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to de-

press them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed! who has annihilated them? were they drowned by *purges*, or martyred by *pipes*? who administered them to the posteriors of ———? But that it may no longer be a doubt with *your Highness*, who is to be the author of this universal ruin; I beseech you to observe that large and terrible *scythe*, which your *governour* affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his *nails* and *teeth*; consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting; and then reflect, whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. Oh! that *your Highness* would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maitre du palais* * of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page* †.

It were endless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction which your *governor* is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy infants, many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learned their *mother tongue* to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die: Some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb: Great numbers are offered to

* *Comptroller*. The kingdom of France had a race of kings, which they call *les roys faincans* (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was administered by the *major de palais*; till Charles Martel, the last mayor, put his master to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand.

† Out of guardianship.

Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of *poets*; from whom I am preparing a petition to *your Highness*, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to shew for a support to his pretensions. The *never dying* works of these illustrious persons, your *governor*, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and *your Highness* is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess *Immortality* to be a great and powerfull goddess, but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if *your Highness's governor*, who has usurped the *priesthood*, must, by an unparallelled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been sometime thinking, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion; yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of *titles* to present *your Highness*, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I enquired after them among readers and booksellers; but enquired in vain; *the memorial of them was lost among men, their place was*

no more to be found: and I was laughed to scorn for a *clown* and a *pedant*, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of *present affairs*, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to *your Highness*, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to *your Highness*, that there is a large cloud near the *horizon*, in the form of a *bear*, another in the *zenith*, with the head of an *ass*, a third to the westward, with claws like a *dragon*; and *your Highness* should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain, they would all be changed in figure and position; new ones would arise; and all we could agree upon, would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the *zoography* and *topography* of them.

But your *governor* perhaps may still insist, and put the question, What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? Can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? It ill befits the distance between *your Highness* and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a *jakes* or an *oven*; to the windows of a *bawdy-house*, or to a *fordid lantern*. Books, like men, their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to *your Highness*, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say, is literally true this minute I am writing. What revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon
the

the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies; and therefore, wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of *Tom Duffey*, a poet of a vast comprehension, an universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one *Mr. Rymer*, and one *Mr. Dennis*, most profound critics. There is a person styled *Dr. Bentley*, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller *. He is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and more sprightly turns. Farther, I avow to your Highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of *William Wotton*, B. D. who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor † (from whom, alas, he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries, equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my

* Bentley, in his controversy with Lord Orrery upon the genuineness of Phalaris's epistles, has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller, about the loan and restitution of a MS.

† Sir William Temple,

contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of *wits* in our nation. Their persons I shall describe particularly, and at length; their genius and understandings, in *mignature*.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present *your Highness* with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction. Nor do I doubt in the least, but *your Highness* will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as *other young princes* have already done by the many volumes, of late years, written for a help to their studies *.

That *your Highness* may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

S I R,

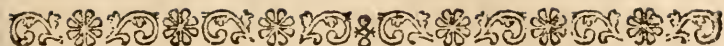
Dec. 1697.

Your Highness's

Most devoted, &c.

* There were innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France.





T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grantees of *church* and *state* begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee, some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer, That seamen have a custom, when they meet a *whale*, to fling him out an empty *tub* by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised. The *whale* was interpreted to be *Hobbes's Leviathan*; which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, where-
of

of a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation. This is the *Leviathan*, from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The *Ship* in danger, is easily understood to be its old antitype, the *commonwealth*. But how to analyse the *tub*, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved: and it was decreed, that, in order to prevent these *Leviathans* from tossing and sporting with the *commonwealth*, which of itself is too apt to *fluctuate*: they should be diverted from that game by a *Tale of a Tub*. And my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise; which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work: into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of *wits* in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is, first, a large *pederastic* school, with French and Italian masters: there is, also, the *spelling* school, a *very spacious building*; the school of *looking-glasses*; the school of *swearing*; the school of *critics*; the school of *salivation*; the school of *hobby-horses*; the school of *poetry*; the school

school of *tops**; the school of *spleen*; the school of *gaming*; with many others too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient persons hands, certifying him to be a *wit*.

But to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the *tour* of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the *moderns*, who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprize the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the *hangman*, and his patron to the *patient*. This was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio*†. When I went through that necessary and noble course of study ‡, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches; which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting; because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a *modern* piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty *to-day*, or *fasting*, or *in this place*, or *at eight a clock*, or *over a bottle*, or *spoke by Mr. What d'y' call'm*, or *in a summer's morning*; any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus *Wit* has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of an hair,

* This I think the author should have omitted, it being of the very same nature with the *school of bobby horses*, if one may venture to censure one, who is so severe a censurer of others, perhaps with too little distinction.

† HOR. Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon before.

‡ Reading prefaces, &c.

upon peril of being lost. The *moderns* have artfully fixed this *mercury*, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-garden; and such a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde-park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me, to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene; yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding; because I cannot imagine why we should be at expence to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous, that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August 1697, should descend to the very *bottom* of all the *sublime* throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: Whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life, that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity and strict correspondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed, in a garret. At other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser

user to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all *modern* forms, I apprehend some curious *wit* may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus:

For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c.

Another:

The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another:

When every little would-be wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another:

To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.

Another:

Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public; for who, upon a less consideration, would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers, &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary in several parts of the following discourse. Second-

ly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which I shall tell the reader a short tale

A mountebank, in Leicester-fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unweildy fellow, half-stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy croud is here? Pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together? "Z——ds, what squeezing is this! Honest friend, remove your elbow. At last, a *weaver*, that stood next him, could hold no longer: A plague confound you (said he) for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the croud half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcase than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd; and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that, where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath; and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of *wit* or *sublime*.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself upon some occasions or none; I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority. For it is here to be noted, that *praise* was originally a pension paid by the world: but the *moderns*, finding the

the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *fee-simple*; since which time, the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author makes his own eulogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title; which is commonly in these or the like words, *I speak without vanity*: which I think plainly shews it to be a matter of right and justice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature, through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse without one grain of satire intermixed; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy ready horsed for discipline: first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod, from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member as the *world's posteriors*, whether you apply to it the *toe* or the *birch*. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake, that because *nettles* have the prerogative to sting, therefore all *other weeds* must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers: for it is well known among *mythologists*, that *weeds* have the preheminance over all other vegetables; and therefore the first *monarch* of this island, whose taste and judgement were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the *roses* from the collar of the *order*, and plant the *thistles* in their stead, as the nobler

nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profound antiquaries, that the fatirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound. May it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt, as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with *wits* as with *razors*, which are never so apt to *cut* those they are employed on, as when they have *lost their edge*. Besides, those whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not, like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, Nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to *praise* by *lashes*, as men are to *love*. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the *Christian* reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural. For the materials
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of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For as health is but one thing, and has been always the same: whereas diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily additions: so all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now, the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron. He may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all *pork* *, with a very little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the latter will be always better received than the first. For this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words, from the rest, who have no share in the blessing. But satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any; since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth †, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet, to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage by name, any person

* Plutarch.

† *Vid.* Xenoph.

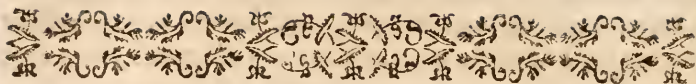
they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes. But, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the *people* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost *rhetoric* against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, *That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa; with any other common places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the splendida bilis* †. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay farther, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-garden against foppery and fornication, and *something else*; against pride and dissimulation, and bribery, at White-hall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the *inns of court* chapel; and, in a *city* pulpit, be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. It is but a *ball* bandied to and fro, and every man carries a *racket* about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public, how *such a one* starved half the fleet, and half-poisoned the rest; how *such a one*, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play; how *such a one* has got a clap, and runs out of his estate; how *Paris*, bribed by *Juno* and *Ve-*

† Hor. *Stilen.*

nus*, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench; or, how *such an orator* makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose: whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have *challenges* sent him; to be sued for *defamation*; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire! On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards *A panegyric upon the world*; to which I intended to add a second part, intitled, *A modest defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages*. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but, finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune: in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the *modern* way, to inform the *gentle reader*, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be *large*, in proportion as the subsequent volume is *small*; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the *porch*; and having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.

* Juno and Venus, are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to a judge, if scandal says true. I remember such reflections were cast about that time, but I cannot fix the person intended here.



A T A L E O F A T U B *.

S E C T. I.

The I N T R O D U C T I O N †.

WHoever hath an ambition to be heard in a croud, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge

* The Tale of a Tub has made much noise in the world. It was one of Swift's earliest performances, and has never been excelled in wit and spirit by his own, or any other pen. The censures that have passed upon it are various. The most material of which were such as reflected upon Dr. Swift, in the character of a clergyman, and a Christian. It has been one of the misfortunes attending Christianity, that many of her sons, from a mistaken filial piety, have indulg'd themselves in too restrained and too melancholy a way of thinking. Can we wonder, then, if a book compos'd with all the force of wit and humour, in derision of sacerdotal tyranny, in ridicule of grave hypocrisy, and in contempt of phlegmatic stiffness, should be wilfully misconstrued by some persons, and ignorantly mistaken by others, as a sarcasm and reflection upon the whole Christian church? Swift's ungovernable spirit of irony has sometimes carried him into very unwarrantable flights of wit. In the style of truth, I must look upon the Tale of a Tub as no intended insult against Christianity, but as a satire against the wild errors of the church of Rome, the slow and incomplete reformation of the Lutherans, and the absurd and affected zeal of the Presbyterians. *Orrery.*

† The Introduction abounds with wit and humour. But the author never loses the least opportunity of venting his keenest satire against Mr. Dryden, and consequently loads with insults the greatest, although the least prosperous of our English poets. Yet who can avoid smiling, when he finds the Hind and Panther as a complete abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen, and when Tommy Potts is supposed written by the same hand, as a supplement to the former work? I am willing to imagine, that Dryden, in some manner or other, had offended Swift, who, otherwise, I hope, would have

wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough; but how to reach it, is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of *number*, as of *bell*:

— *evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

To this end, the philosopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain *edifices in the air*. But, whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniencies. *First*, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *sight*, and ever out of *hearing*. *Secondly*, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators, who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the *pulpit*, the *ladder*, and the *stage-itinerant*. For,

have been more indulgent to the errors of a man oppressed by poverty, driven on by party, and bewildered by religion.—But although our satirical author, now and then may have indulged himself in some personal animosities, or may have taken freedoms not so perfectly consistent with that solemn decency which is required from a clergyman; yet, throughout the whole piece there is a vein of ridicule and good humour, that laughs pedantry and affectation into the lowest degree of contempt, and exposes the character of Peter and Jack in such a manner as never will be forgiven, and never can be answered. *Orrery.*

* But to return and view the chearful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

as to the *bar*, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation, exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the *bench* itself, though raised to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution; and both to answer the etymology of the name, which, in the Phœnician tongue, is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, *the place of sleep*; but, in common acceptation, *a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs*: *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant*: Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long *talked*, whilst others *slept*, so now they may *sleep* as long, whilst others *talk*.

But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the *bench* and the *bar* from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every *genus* and *species* within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which hath most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful

derful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyric essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the *senses* and the *elements* under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now, the first of these oratorical machines in place, as well as dignity, is the *pulpit*. Of *pulpits* there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better, both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and best of all without a cover, (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered *vessel* in every assembly, where it is rightfully used) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of *ladders* I need say nothing. It is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excell all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the *early* publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates: A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The

The last engine of orators is the *stage-itinerant* *, erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in tri-viis et quadriviis* †. It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings, there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that, for obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a *superior position of place*. But although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this *phænomenon*. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this, That air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus ‡, continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep *impressions* they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

*Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus* *.

Lucr. lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, that, in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself hath instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths o-

* Is the mountebank's stage, whose orators the author determines either to the gallows or a conventicle.

† In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is.

‡ Lucret. lib. 2.

* 'Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound,
Is all material; body every sound.

pen, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess, there is something yet more refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced; that whatever *weighty* matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be *lead* or *gold*, may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because that large portion of wit laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently waisted up, by their own extreme levity, to the middle region; and there fix, and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all; and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place called the *twelvepenny gallery*, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorical receptacles or machines, contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the *pulpit* are adumbrated the writings of our *modern saints* in Great Britain, as they have spiritualised and refined them from the dross and grossness of *sense* and *human reason*. The matter, as we have said,

is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark: And, secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles *, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The *ladder* is an adequate symbol of *faction*, and of *poetry*; to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of *faction* †,

because	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	<i>Hiatus in</i>
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	<i>MS.</i>
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	<i>Of poetry.</i>

because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and, because climbing up by slow degrees, Fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top; and because it is a preferment attained by transferring a propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the *stage-itinerant* are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, *Sixpenny worth of wit*, *Westminster drolleries*, *Delightful tales*, *Complete jesters*, and the like; by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over *Time*; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hob-nails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher, are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are to be burnt or worm eaten.

† Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say any thing worth reading; or when he has no mind to enter on the subject; or when it is a matter of little moment; or perhaps to amuse his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, lastly, with some satirical intention.

presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the *Grub-street* brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two *junior* start-up societies, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them, whom I mean. Nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham * and of Will's † to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings: not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world, or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries, not only of our *planting*, but our *watering* too? I am informed, our two *rivals* have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to *weight* and *number*. In return to which, with licence from our *president*, I humbly offer two answers. First, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a *smaller* affair ‡, including an impossibility in the practice; for where can they find scales of *capacity* enough for the first, or an arithmetician of *capacity* enough for

* Gresham college was the place where the Royal Society then met, from whence they removed to Crane court in Fleet-street.

† Will's coffeehouse in Covent-garden was formerly the place where the poets usually met; which, though it be yet fresh in memory, in some years may be forgotten, and want this explanation.

‡ *Viz.* About moving the earth.

the second? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgement it should be left to decide, which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet, do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present: for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be intitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society hath already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half-ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorised to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all; desiring much rather that things be amiably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two *prodigals* with open arms whenever they shall think fit to return from their *bushes* and their *barlots*; which, I think, from the present course of their studies* they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received; (next to the transitory itate of all sublunary things), hath been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by

* Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.

no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things: Whereas, *wisdom* is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out; it is a *cheese*, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier; and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate the *maggots* are the best: it is a *jack-pot*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. *Wisdom* is a *hen*, whose *cackling* we must value and consider, because it is attended with an *egg*. But, then, lastly, it is a *nut*, which, unless you chuse with judgement, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *worm*. In consequence of these momentous truths, the Grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within: A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctance, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourselves, may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society; which, besides their beautiful externals for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or un-

winding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago by one of our most eminent members. He began with the history of Reynard the fox *; but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now univerversally received; nor do I think, any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the *revelation*, or rather the *apocalypse* of all state-arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several dozens; from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled, is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the *metempsychosis*, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is *Dr. Faustus*, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*. He published it in the nine-hundredth-eighty-fourth year of his age †. This writer proceeds wholly by *reincarnation*, or in the *via humida*: and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the *male* and *female* dragon.

Whittington and his cat is the work of that mysterious *Rabbi*, Jehuda Hannafi; containing a de-

* The author seems here to be mistaken; for I have seen a Latin edition of Reynard the fox above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original; for the rest, it has been thought by many people to contain some satirical design in it.

† The chymists say of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily.

fence of the *Gemara* of the *Jerusalem Misna* †, and and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther. This is the master-piece of a famous writer now living †, intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Potts. Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The wise men of Gotham, cum appendice. This is a treatise of immense erudition; being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of the *moderns* learning and wit against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance of the *ancients*. This unknown author hath so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever hath been written since upon that dispute to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise hath been lately published by a *worthy member* of our society*.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life †. This indeed is more than I can justly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state in *pro's* and *con's* upon *Pe-*

* The *Gemara* is the decision, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish Rabbits: and the *Misna* is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law.

† *Viz.* In the 1698.

* This I suppose to be understood of Mr. Wotton's discourse of ancient and modern learning.

† Here the author seems to personate L'Esrange, Dryden, and some others, who, after having passed their lives in vices, faction, and falsehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and sufferings.

pish plots, and *meal-tubs* †, and *exclusion-bills*, and *passive obedience*, and *addresses of lives and fortunes*; and *prerogative*, and *property*, and *liberty of conscience*, and *letters to a friend*: From an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

But to return: I am assured from the reader's candor, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance, That they are of little farther use or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries; in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have, throughout this treatise closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town, is modell-

† In King Charles II's time, there was an account of a Presbyterian plot, found in a tub, which then made much noise.

ed exactly after the manner peculiar to *our* society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles *, having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable, that books the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of *godfathers* †; which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: But it seems, there is an unhappy expence usually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

* The title page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles, which the author here speaks of:

† See Virgil translated, &c. he dedicated the different parts of Virgil to different patrons.

S E C T. II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife *, and all at a birth; neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus :

Sons, *Because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you and at last; with much care as well as expence have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat †. Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them. One is, that, with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live. The other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will ‡ (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of*

* By these three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack; Popery, the Church of England, and our Protestant Dissenter are designed. *W. Wotton.*

In the character of Peter, we see the Pope, seated on his pontifical throne, and adorned with his triple crown. In the picture of Martin, we view Luther and the first reformers. And in the description of Jack, we beheld John Calvin and his disciples. The author's arrows are chiefly directed against Peter and Jack. To Martin he shews all the indulgence that the laws of allegory will permit.

Orrery

† By his coats, which he gave his sons, the garment of the Israelites is meant. *W. Wotton.*

An error (with submission) of the learned commentator; for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of Christianity, by the wisdom of the divine founder, fitted to all times, places, and circumstances. *Lambin.*

‡ The New Testament,

your

Your coats ; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house, like brethren and friends ; for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.

Here the story says, this good father died and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order ; that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies ; but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation ; the Dutchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil *. On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception ; and soon, with great sagacity, guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. They writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing ; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff ; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps ; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran

* Their mistresses are, the Dutchess d'Argent, Mademoiselle de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil, i. e. covetousness, ambition, and pride ; which were the three great vices that the antient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruptions of Christianity. *W. Walton.*

in debt with shop-keepers, and lay with their wives: They killed bailiffs, kicked fidlers down stairs, eat at Locket's, loiter'd at Will's; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a Dutchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billetdoux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio*; got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators, who are silent in the *house*, and loud in the *coffee-house*; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics; and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount; and, by consequence, were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town. But all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened, a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good fashion*. They worshipped a sort of idol†, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This *idol* they placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar erected about three foot. He was shewn in the posture of a Persian Emperor,

* This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion, in order to introduce what follows.

† By this idol is meant a taylor.

sitting on a *superficies*, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a *goose* for his ensign; whence it is, that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, *hell* seemed to open, and catch at the animals the *idol* was creating: To prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened; which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The *goose* was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*; before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Egyptian Cercopithecus †. Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day, to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief *idol* was also worshipped as the inventor of the *yard* and *needle*; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large *suit of cloaths*, which *invests* every thing; that the earth is *invested* by the air; the air is *invested* by the stars; and the stars are *invested* by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable *dress*. What is that which some call *land*, but a fine coat faced with green? or the *sea*, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious *journeyman* Nature hath been, to trim up the *vegetable* beaux: Observe how sparkish a periwig adorns

† The Egyptians worshipped a monkey; which animal is very fond of eating lice, stiled here creatures that feed on human gore.

the head of a *bee*ch, and what a fine doublet of white fatten is worn by the *birch*. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a *microcoat* *; or rather a complete suit of cloaths, with all its trimmings? As to his body, there can be no dispute. But examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute, in their order, towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not religion a *cloak*; honesty a *pair of shoes*, worn out in the dirt; self-love a *furtout*; vanity a *shirt*; and conscience a *pair of breeches*, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings which the world calls improperly *suits of cloaths*, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable properties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up *parliament*——, *coffee*——, *play*——, *bawdy houses*? It is true indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called *suits of cloaths*, or *dresses*, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a *Lord Mayor*; if certain ermins and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a *Judge*; and so, an apt conjunction of lawn and black fatten, we intitle a *Bishop*.

* Alluding to the word *microcosm*, or a little world, as man hath been called by philosophers.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two *deffes*, the *natural* and the *celestial suit*; which were the body and the soul; that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfufion. This last they proved by *scripture*; because *in th m we live, and move, and have our being*: as likewise by philosophy; because they are *all in all, and all in every part*. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unfavoury carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines*, which were entertained with great vogue; as, particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner. *Embredery* was *sheer wit*; *gold fringe* was *agreeable conversation*; *gold lace* was *repartee*; a huge long *periwig* was *humour*; and a *coat full of powder* was very good *railery*. All which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicately*, to manage with

* The first part of the *tale* is the history of Peter. Thereby Popery is exposed. Every body knows, the Papists have made great additions to Christianity; that indeed is the great exception which the Church of England makes against them: accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a *shoulder-knot* to his coat. *W. Watton.*

The actions of Peter are the actions of a man intoxicated with pride, power, rage, tyranny, and self-conceit. These passions are placed in the most ridiculous light: and the effects of them produce to us the tenets and doctrines of papal Rome, such as purgatory, penance, images, indulgences, auricular confession, transubstantiation, and those dreadful monsters, the pontifical bulls, which, according to this ludicrous authority, derived their original from the famous bulls of Colchis, described by Ovid.

“Terribiles vultus, prefixaque, cornua ferro;

“Pulverumque solum pede pulsavere hiulco;

“Fumificisque locum mugitibus implevere.” MET. l. vii. v. 112.

Orrery.

advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors, this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity; which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other systems, either *ancient* or *modern*. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader, to peruse, with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

These opinions therefore were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their coats, one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth; and, besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or

no ornament*. And it happened, that, before they were a month in town, great *shoul-der-knots* came up †: strait all the world was *shoul-der-knots*; no approaching the ladies *ruelles*, without the *quota* of *shoul-der-knots*. *That fellow*, cries one, *has no soul; where is his shoul-der-knot?* Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the *play-house*, the door-keeper shewed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says the waterman, *I am first sculler*. If they stepped to the *Rose* to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, *Friend, we sell no ale*. If they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with, *Pray, send up your message*. In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will; read it over and over, but not a word of the *shoul-der-knot*. What should they do! What temper should they find? Obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet *shoul-der-knots* appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more *book-learned* than the other two, said, he had found an expedient. *It is true*, said he, *there is nothing here in this will, totidem verbis ‡, making mention of shoul-der-knots:*

F: 3

but

* His description of the cloth of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may seem to import: "The coats their father had left them, were of very good cloth; and besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, with little or no ornament." This is the distinguishing character of the Christian religion. *Christiana religio absoluta et simplex*, was Ammi^{anus} Marcellinus's description of it, who was himself a Heathen. *W. Watton*.

† By this is understood the first introducing of pageantry, and unnecessary ornaments in the church, such as were neither for convenience nor edification; as a *shoul-der-knot*, in which there is neither symmetry nor use.

‡ When the Papists cannot find any thing which they want in scripture, they go to *oral tradition*. Thus Peter is introduced dissatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occasion for in the *will*; when neither the constituent syllables,

but I dare conjecture, we may find them inclusive, or totidem syllabis. This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine. But their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, *Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them totidem verbis, nor totidem syllabis, I dare engage we shall make them out tertio modo, or totidem literis.* This discovery was also highly commended: upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! But the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved, by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in ancient manuscripts, “ ’Tis true” (said he) “ the word *Calendæ* hath in Q. V. C. * been sometimes written with a K; but erroneously; for in the best copies it has been ever spelt with a C. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell *knot* with a K; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be written with a C.” Upon this all farther difficulty vanished; *shoulder-knots* were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

But as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. *Shoulder-knots* had their

syllables, nor much less the whole word, were there *in terminis.* *W*

Wotton

* *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus:* Some ancient manuscripts.

time;

time; and we must now imagine them in their decline: for a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of *gold-lace* upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-fashion of that *month*. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of *gold-lace* †. Whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of *gold-lace*, was as scandalous-as a —, and as ill received among the women. What should our three knights do in this momentous affair? They had sufficiently strained a point already, in the affair of *sboulder-knots*. Upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *alium silentium*. That of the *sboulder-knots* was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of *gold-lace* seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiae adherere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica*; and especially that wonderfully piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itself; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. “Brothers,” said he, “you are to be informed, that of wills *duo sunt genera*, nuncupatory* and scriptory. That in the scriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace, *conceditur*: but, *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatoria, negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he heard my father’s man say, that he heard my father say, that he would advise his sons to get *gold-lace* on their coats, as soon as ever they could

† I cannot tell, whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting scripture.

* By this is meant *tradition*, allowed to have equal authority with the scripture, or rather greater.

“procure

“ procure money to buy it.” “ By G— that is
 “ very true,” cries the other: “ I remember it
 “ perfectly well,” said the third. And so, with-
 out more ado, they got the largest *gold-lace* in the
 parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after, there came up, *all in fashion*, a
 pretty sort of *flame-coloured sattin** for linings; and
 the *mercier* brought a pattern of it immediately to
 our three gentlemen: “ An’ please your Wor-
 “ ships,” said he, “ my Lord C——, and Sir J:
 “ W. had linings out of this very piece last night.
 “ It takes wonderfully; and I shall not have a
 “ remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-
 “ cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten a-clock.”
 Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, be-
 cause the present case also required a positive pre-
 cept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to
 be of the essence of the coat. After long search;
 they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand,
 except a short advice of their father in the will, to
 take care of *fire*, and put out their *candles* before
 they went to sleep*. This, though a good deal
 for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-
 conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to esta-
 blish a command; (being resolved to avoid farther
 scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal),

† This is purgatory, whereof he speaks more particularly hereaf-
 ter; but here only to shew how scripture was perverted to prove it;
 which was done by giving equal authority, with the *canon*, to *Apocry-
 pha*, called here a *codicil annexed*.

It is likely the author, in every one of these changes in the b o-
 thers dresses, refers to some particular error in the *church of Rome*;
 though it is not easy, I think, to apply them all. But by this of
flame-coloured sattin, is manifestly intended purgatory; by *gold lace*
 may perhaps be understood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the
 churches. The *shoulder-knots* and *silver fringe* are not so obvious, at
 least to me. But the Indian figures of men, women, and children,
 plainly relate to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an
 old man, of the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.

* That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to sub-
 due and extinguish their lusts.

says he that was the scholar, “ I remember to have
 “ read in wills, of a codicil annexed ; which is in-
 “ deed a part of the will ; and what it contains,
 “ hath equal authority with the rest. Now, I have
 “ been considering of this same will here before us,
 “ and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of
 “ such a codicil. I will therefore fasten one in its
 “ proper place very dextrously. I have had it by
 “ me some time. It was written by a dog-keeper
 “ of my grandfather’s † ; and talks a great deal,
 “ as good luck would have it, of this very flame-
 “ coloured fatten.” The project was immediately
 approved by the other two ; an old parchment scroll
 was tagged on according to art, in the form of a
codicil annexed, and the *fatten* bought and worn.

Next winter, a *player*, hired for the purpose by
 the corporation of *fringe-makers*, acted his part in
 a new comedy, all covered with *silver fringe* ‡ ; and,
 according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that
 fashion. Upon which, the brother’s consulting
 their father’s will, to their great astonishment
 found these words : Item, *I charge and command my
 said three sons, to wear no sort of silver fringe upon
 or about their said coats, &c.* with a penalty, in case
 of disobedience, too long here to insert. How-
 ever, after some pause, the brother so often men-
 tioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in
 criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he
 said should be nameless, that the same word, which
 in the will is called *fringe*, does also signify a *broom-
 stick* || ; and doubtless ought to have the same inter-
 pretation in this paragraph. This another of the

† I believe this refers to that part of the *Apocrypha*, where men-
 tion is made of *Tobit* and his *dog*.

‡ This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and
 ornament.

|| The next subject of our author’s wit, is the glosses and interpre-
 tations of scripture, very many absurd ones of which are allowed in
 the most authentic books of the *church of Rome*. *W. Wotton*.

brothers disliked, because of that epithet *silver*; which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech, be reasonably applied to a *broom-stick*. But it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a *mythological* and *allegorical* sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a *broom-stick* on their coats; a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent. Upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a *mystery*; which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of *silver fringe*.

A while after, was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of *embroidery* with Indian *figures* of men, women, and children*. Here they remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days, they appeared higher in the fashion than any body else in the town. But they solved the matter, by saying, that these figures were not at all the *same* with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some *allowance*, and a favourable

* The images of saints, the blessed virgin, and our Saviour an infant.

Ibid. Images in the church of Rome give him but too fair a handle, *The brothers remembered*, &c. The allegory here is direct. *W. Wotton.*

interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously, to lock up their father's will in a *strong box**, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which; and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of *points*, most of them *tagged with silver*. Upon which, the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra*†, that *points* were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will; or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for *canonical*; and therefore on the following Sunday they came to church all covered with *points*.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that, or the next

* The Papists formerly forbad the people the use of scripture in a vulgar tongue; Peter therefore *locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy*. These countries are named, because the New Testament is written in Greek; and the *vulgar Latin*, which is the authentic edition of the Bible in the Church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy. *W. Wotton*.

† The *Popes*, in their decretals and bulls, have given their sanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the Church of Rome, that are not mentioned in scripture, and are unknown to the primitive church. Peter accordingly pronounces *ex cathedra*, that *points tagged with silver were absolutely jure paterno*; and so they wore them in great numbers. *W. Wotton*.

street to it; infomuch, as having run something behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour of a *certain lord* †, to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after, the *lord* died; and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a *deed of conveyance* of that house to himself and his heirs. Upon which he took possession, turned the young 'squires out, and received his brothers in their stead ‥.



S E C T. III.

A digression concerning critics *.

ALthough I have been hitherto as cautious could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious *moderns*; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess, with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my *good lords* the

† This was Constantine the Great, from whom the *Popes* pretend a donation of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

‥ *Ibid.* The bishops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome at first by the favour of the emperors, whom at last they shut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from *Constantine the Great*, the better to justify what they did. In imitation of this, Peter, *having run something behind hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord, &c.* *W. Wotton.*

* The several *digressions* are written in ridicule of bad critics, dull commentators, and the whole fraternity of Grubstreet philosophers. *Orery.*

critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and their *art*, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word *critic*, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in *ancient books and pamphlets*. For, first, by this term was understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the *learned*, from his taste to a true relish of the *sublime* and the *admirable*, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning; who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way: not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of *critic* in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a *critic*, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous, as a *judge* who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word *critic* have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now, the races of those two have been, for some ages, utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true *critic* is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat *Etcætera* the elder, who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat *Etcætera* the younger.

And these are the *critics* from whom the commonwealth of learning has, in all ages, received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all *other* vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves; as Hercules most generously did; and hath, upon that score, procured to himself more temples and votaries, than the best of his fellows. For these reasons I suppose it is, why some have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every *true critic*, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from some convenient *altitude*; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now,

Now, from this heavenly descent of *criticisr*, and the close analogy it bears to *heroic virtue*, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a *true ancient genuine critic*; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den, to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of *dangerous fowl*, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the *tree of knowledge*, like those *Stymphalian* birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a *true critic*; that he is a *discoverer and collector of writer's faults*; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration: That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers; and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an *abstract* of the *criticisms* themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a *critic*, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation; I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermision of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of *criticism*, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly *modern*; and consequently, that the *critics* of Great

Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the most ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a *true critic*, agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time borne a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble *moderns*; whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country. These have with unwearied pains made many useful searches into the weak sides of the *ancients*, and given us a comprehensive list of them. Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens*; and that the noblest discoveries those *ancients* ever made of art or nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shews, how little merit those *ancients* can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with *present things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these *ancients*, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by *satire* or *panegyric* upon the *true critics*, in imitation of their *masters the moderns*. Now, in the *common places* of both these †, I was plentifully

* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.

† Satire and panegyric upon critics.

instructed, by a long course of useful study in *prefaces* and *prologues*; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found, to my great surprize, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the *true critic*, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than *mythology* and *hieroglyphic*. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers, for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the *true critic*; though the *types* are so apposite, and the application so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any reader of a *modern eye* and *taste* could overlook them. I shall venture, from a great number, to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these *ancient writers*, in treating ænigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very *same hieroglyph*; varying only the story, according to their affections, or their wit. For, first, Pausanias is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of *critics*. And that he can possibly mean no other than the *true critic*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says*, “ they were a race of men
 “ who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and
 “ excrescences of books; which the learned at
 “ length observing, took warning of their own ac-
 “ cord to lop *the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead,*
 “ *the sapless, and the overgrown branches* from
 “ their works.” But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory: “ That the

* Lib. —

“ Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit.” But Herodotus †, holding the very same *hieroglyph*, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He hath been so bold as to tax the *true critics* of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the western part of Libya there were ASSES with horns*. Upon which relation Ctesias ‡ yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India; adding, *that whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness*.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and terrible, as the *critics* of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound: for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place *, how “ a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ASS.” From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *philologers*, that the great awe and reverence paid to a *true critic* by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from those of our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that, in process of time, those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the *true critics* of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former *hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *prototype*; and invented other terms instead

† Lib. iv.

‡ *Vide excerpta ex eo apud Photium.*

* Lib. iv.

thereof, that were more cautious and mystical. So Diodorus †, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say, that, “in the mountains of Helicon, there grows a certain *weed*, which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it.” Lucretius gives exactly the same relation:

*Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare †. Lib. 6.*

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder. He had been used with much severity by the *true critics* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at least, one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of the *true critics*. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he hath set down these remarkable words. “Amongst the rest, *says he*, “there is a *serpent* that wants *teeth*, and consequently cannot bite; but if its *vomit*, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues. These *serpents* are generally found among the mountains where *Jewels* grow, and they frequently emit a *poisonous juice*; whereof whoever drinks, that person’s *brains* fly out of his nostrils.”

There was also among the *ancients* a sort of *critics*, not distinguished in *specie* from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the *tyro’s* or *junior* scholars: Yet, because of

† Lib.

‡ Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees, whose blossoms with their odour kill.

their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students, was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the *worst parts* of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a *true critic* hath one quality in common with a *whore* and an *alderman*, never to change his title or his nature; that a *gray critic* has been certainly a *green* one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like *hemp*, which some naturalists informs us is bad for *suffocations*, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of *prologues*, to have been owing to these younger proficientes of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain the institution of the *true critics* was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company: One man can *fiddle*, and another can make a *small town a great city*; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of *critics*; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a *true critic* is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expence as a *tailor*; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: That the *tailor's bell* is the type of a *critic's commonplace-book*, and his wit and learning held forth by the *goose*; that it requires at least as many of these

to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their *weapons* near of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: For, on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the *critic's* company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true beggar*, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so before one can commence a *true critic*, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a less purchase would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of *criticism*, and described the primitive state of it; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and shew how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of *critics*, that *their writings are the mirrors of learning* *. This I understand in a literal sense; and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer, must inspect into the books of *critics*, and correct his invention there; as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the *mirrors* of the ancients were made of *brass*, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a *true modern critic*; and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For *brass* is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast *reflections* from its own *superficies*, without any assistance of *mercury* from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included,

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. *Vide Bentley's Dissertation, &c.*

or easily reducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that *criticism*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very *first* result of the *critic's* mind: As fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay for a second.

Secondly, The *true critics* are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the *king* is on horseback, he is sure to be the *dirtiest* person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as *bespatter* him most.

Lastly, A *true critic* in the perusal of a book is like a *dog* at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests *fling away*; and consequently is apt to *snarl* most when there are the fewest *bones*.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the *true modern critics*; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole *body*, as to meet with generous and tender usage from their *hands*. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.



S E C T. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I Have now with much pains and study conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our *learned brother*, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; inso-much that, unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *hero* of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr. PETER; and then he must be stiled FATHER PETER, and sometimes MY LORD PETER, To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was borne to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn *projector* and *virtuoso*; wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to LORD PETER's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief amongst them; without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope,

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages, (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness of recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice), that the worthy members of the several *academies* abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the Most Reverend Fathers the eastern missionaries, that I have purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases as will best admit an easy turn into any of the *oriental* languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed, with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is like to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent*, lately said to have been discovered in *Terra Australis Incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers *again*, and *again*, and *again*, and *again*, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention was his sovereign remedy for the *worms**, especially those in the *spleen*. The patient was to eat nothing after

* That is purgatory.

* Penance and absolution are payed upon under the notion of a sovereign remedy for the worms, especially in the spleen; which by observing Peter's prescription, would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain, &c. *W. Walton.*

supper for three nights †. As soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side; and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the *worms* would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the *brain*.

A third invention was the erecting of a *whispering-office* ‡, for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the colic; as likewise of all eves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons: In short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much *wind*. An *ass's* head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was an *office of insurance* * for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, shadows,—and rivers: that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by *fire*. From whence our *friendly societies* may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the

† Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome; which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

‡ By his *whispering-office*, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession; and the priest who takes it, is described by the *ass's* head. *Wotton*.

* This I take to be the office of indulgencies, the gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the reformation.

one and the other have been of *great* benefit to the undertakers, as well as of *equal* to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of *puppets* and *raree-shows* †; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge further upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal *pickle* ‡. For having remarked, how your common *pickle* ||, in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables; Peter, with great cost, as well as art, had contrived a *pickle* proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this *pickle* to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his *powder pimperlimpimp* **, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by *spargefaction* *, in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be *pickled*, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from

† I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous processions, &c. among the Papists.

‡ Holy water he calls an universal pickle, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. *W. Watton.*

|| This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles.

** And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us, that his pickle by the powder of pimperlimpimp receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell from the common pickles, which preserve beef, and butter, and herrings. *W. Watton.*

* Sprinkling.

mange,

mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scald-heads from children; never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of *bulls* †, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the *golden fleece*; though some who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The *bulls* of Colchos are recorded to have *brazen feet*. But whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an alloy from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the feminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world: whatever was the cause, it is certain, that Lord Peter's *bulls* were extremely vitiated by the rust of time, in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common *lead*. However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise, that faculty of breathing out *fire* from their nostrils ‡; which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, pro-

† The Papal bulls are ridiculed by name; so that here we are at no loss for the author's meaning *W. Walton*.

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the Pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all signed with lead, and the seal of the fishermen; and therefore said to have leaden feet and fishes tails.

‡ These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as antichristian, by the church of Rome. When the chief minister and his minions are exposed, the keener the satire, the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treason against the King. *Orrery*.

ceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of *squibs* and *crackers* *. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the *bulls* of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace,

Varias inducere plumas ;
and
Atrum desinit in piscem.

For these had *fishes tails* ; yet upon occasion could *cut-fly* any bird in the air. Peter put these *bulls* upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a *roaring* to fright *naughty boys* †, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance ; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it ; an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family, from their noble ancestors, guardians of the *golden fleece* ; they continued so extremely fond of *gold*, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would *roar* and *spit*, and *belch*, and *piss*, and *fart*, and *snivel* out *fire*, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of *gold* ; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to *gold*, or both ; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars ; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits ; who to this very day, usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of *bull-beggars*. They

* These are the fulminations of the Pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him.

† That is, kings who incurred his displeasure.

grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the *north-west* got a parcel of right English *bull-dogs*, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, *his lordship* would return a piece of paper in this form* :

“ **T**O all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that *A. B.* remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death; we will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c. for which this shall be your sufficient warrant. And if you fail hereof, G—d—d—m—n you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble

Man's man,

EMPEROR PETER.”

The wretches trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those, whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great

* This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *Servus servorum.*

Ibid. Absolution in articulo mortis; and the tax *cameræ apostolicæ*, are jested upon in Emperor Peter's letter. *W. Wotton.*

caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *verè adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity's sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself God Almighty *, and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats †, and clap them all on his head, three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle ‡, and an angling-rod in his

* The Pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called God upon earth, and other blasphemous titles are given him.

† The triple crown.

‡ The keys of the church. — The church is here taken for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are assumed by the Pope in consequence of what our Lord said to Peter. "I will give unto thee, the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

Ibid. The Pope's universal monarchy, and his triple crown, and Fisher's ring. *W. Wotton.*

hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot §: and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth; which hath ever since been called a *salute*. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time, his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade** was, to kick both their wives one morning out of doors †, and his own too; and, in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals ‡. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef," said the sage magistrate, "is the king of meat: "Beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. "Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the

§ Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper, escape reflection. *W. Wotton.*

* This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of an horse, when you do not expect it.

† The celibacy of the Romish clergy is struck at in Peter's beating his own and brother's wives out of doors. *W. Wotton.*

‡ The Pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Christ.

“ quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard: and to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread.” Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner; was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city-feast. “ Come, brothers,” said Peter, “ fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton §: or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you.” At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter’s conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. “ My Lord,” said he, “ I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake.” “ What,” says Peter, “ you are pleasant: come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with. None in the world, my Lord; but, unless I am very much deceived; your Lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart.” “ How,” said Peter, appearing in great surprize, “ I do not comprehend this at all.” — Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business aright; “ My Lord,” said he, “ my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your Lordship hath promised us to dinner.” “ Pray,” said Peter, “ take me along with you. Either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of. If

§ Transubstantiation. Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the Popish doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls palming his damned crusts upon the brothers for mutton, *W. Wotton*,

“ you there do not like your piece, I will carve
 “ you another; though I should take that to be
 “ the choice bit of the whole shoulder.” “ What
 “ then, my Lord,” replied the first, “ it seems this
 “ is a shoulder of mutton all this while.” “ Pray,
 “ Sir,” says Peter, “ eat your victuals, and leave
 “ off your impertinence, if you please, for I am
 “ not disposed to relish it at present.” But the o-
 ther could not forbear being overprovoked at the
 affected seriousness of Peter’s countenance. “ By
 “ G—, my Lord,” said he, “ I can only say,
 “ that, to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and
 “ nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of
 “ bread.” Upon which the second put in his
 word: “ I never saw a piece of mutton in my life
 “ so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny
 “ loaf.” “ Look ye, Gentlemen,” cries Peter in a
 rage, “ to convince you, what a couple of blind,
 “ positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will
 “ use but this plain argument: By G—, it is true,
 “ good, natural mutton, as any in Leadenhall-
 “ market, and G— confound you both eternally,
 “ if you offer to believe otherwise.” Such a
 thundering proof as this, left no further room for
 objection. The two unbelievers began to gather
 and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could.
 “ Why, truly,” said the first, “ upon more ma-
 “ ture consideration”—“ Ay” says the other, inter-
 rupting him, “ now I have thought better on the
 “ thing, your Lordship seems to have a great deal
 “ of reason.” “ Very well,” said Peter. “ Here,
 “ boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here’s to you
 “ both with all my heart.” The two brethren,
 much delighted to see him so readily appeased, re-
 turned their most humble thanks, and said, they
 would be glad to pledge his Lordship. “ That you
 “ shall,” said Peter. “ I am not a person to refuse
 “ you any thing that is reasonable. Wine, mode-
 “ rately taken, is a cordial. Here is a glass a-piece
 “ for

“ for you ; it is true natural juice from the grape ;
 “ none of your damned vintners brewings.” Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful ; for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter, and each other ; and finding how matters were like to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased : for he was now got into one of his mad fits ; and to argue or expostulate further, would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous *rupture* *, which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive ; and would at any time, rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable *lies* upon all occasions, and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a *cow* at home, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches ; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn four †. And

* By this *rupture* is meant the reformation.

† The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary's *milk* amongst the Papists, under the allegory of a *cow*, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches. *W. Wetton.*

either time he was telling of an old *sign-post* † that belonged to his *father*, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains : “ Z—ds,” said Peter, “ where’s the wonder of that? By G—, “ I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over “ sea and land, granting that it stopped sometimes “ to bait, above two thousand German leagues *.” And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life ; and, at every word, “ By G——, Gentle- “ men, I tell you nothing but the truth ; and the “ d——l broil them eternally that will not believe “ me.”

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him ; but first they humbly desired a copy of their father’s *will*, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind, Instead of granting this request, he called them *damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors*, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the *will*, and took a *copia vera* † ; by which they presently saw how

† By this *sign-post* is meant the *cross* of our blessed Saviour ;—— and if all the wood that is shewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity wou’d sufficiently justify this sarcasm,

* The chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the ridiculous invention of Popery. The church of Rome intended by these things to gull silly superstitious people, and rook them of their money. The world had been too long in slavery ; but our ancestors gloriously redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought to be exposed ; and he deserves well of mankind that does expose it. *W. Wolton.*

Ibid. The chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy Land to Italy.

† Translated the scriptures into the vulgar tongues.

grossly

grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got should lye in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprize was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good *drink* to spirit and comfort their hearts †. In copying the *will*, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work was, to discard their concubines, and send for their wives ||. Whilst all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a *pardon* for a *thief* that was to be *hanged* to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb, to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago; advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a *pardon from the king* *. In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels †; and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilites and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors ‡, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

† Administered the cup to the laity at the communion.

|| Allowed the marriages of priests.

* Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money; but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained.

† By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which those princes who were bigotted to the Romish superstition, employed against the reformers.

‡ The Pope shuts all who dissent from him out of the church.



S E C T. V.

A digression in the modern kind.

WE, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of *modern authors*, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, *O Universe*, is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary ;

————— *Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.*

To this end, I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of *human nature*, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both *containing* and *contained* ; till at last it *smelt* so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expence to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due symmetry ; so that I am ready to shew a very complete anatomy thereof to all curious *gentlemen and others*. But, not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors inclose digressions in one another like a nest of boxes ; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *human nature*, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery ; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, *instruction* and *diversion*. And I have farther proved in my said several readings, (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a

copy, or on any certain gentleman of my admirers, to be very importunate), that, as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being *diverted* than *instructed*; his epidemical diseases being *fastidiosity*, *amorphy*, and *oscitation*; whereas, in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together, with a *layer of utile*, and a *layer of dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious *moderns* have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the *ancients*, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town-wits, of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute, whether there have been ever any *ancients* or no *; in which point we are like to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy *modern* Dr. Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *modern* hath ever yet attempted an universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprise was thought on some time ago, by a great philosopher of O. Brasil *. The method he proposed, was by a certain curious *receipt*, a *nostrum*, which, after his untimely death, I found among

* The learned person here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate so many antient writers, that, until he is pleased to stop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world.

* This is an imaginary island, of kin to that which is called the *painter's wives island* placed in some unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map maker.

his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the *modern learned*, present them with it; not doubting, it may one day day encourage some worthy undertaker.

“ You take fair correct copies, well bound in
“ calfskin, and lettered at the back, of all modern
“ bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in
“ what language you please. These you distil in
“ *balneo Mariæ*, infusing *quintessence of poppy, q. s.*
“ together with three pints of *lethe*, to be had from
“ the apothecaries, You cleanse away carefully
“ the *serdes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is
“ volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first
“ running, which is again to be distilled seventeen
“ times, till what remains will amount to about two
“ drams. This you keep in a glass vial *hermetically*
“ sealed, for one and twenty days; then you be-
“ gin your catholic treatise, taking every morning
“ fasting, first shaking the vial, three drops of
“ this *elixir*, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It
“ will dilate itself about the brain (where there is
“ any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately
“ perceive in your head an infinite number of *ab-*
“ *stracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collec-*
“ *tions, medulla's excerpta quædam, florilegia's,*
“ and the like, all disposed into great order, and
“ reducible upon paper.”

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this *arcanum*, that I though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt; never achieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called *Homer*; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and *for an ancient* of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured, he designed his work

for a complete body † of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic; it is manifest, he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a *cabalist* as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthroposophia Theomagica *. He is also quite mistaken about the *sphera pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the *mechanics*. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among *modern wits*, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a *save-all*. For want of which, if the *moderns* had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered *in the dark*. But I have still behind, a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the *common laws of this realm*, and in the doctrine, as well as discipline of the church of England †: A defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton, Batchelor of Divinity, in his incomparable treatise of *ancient and modern learning*; a book never to be sufficiently valued,

† *Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est, Xenoph. in conviv.*

* A treatise written about fifty years ago, by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember, was *Vaughan*; as appears by the answer to it written by the learned Dr. Henry Moor. It is a piece of the most unintelligible fustian, that perhaps was ever published in any language.

† Mr. Wotton, (to whom our author never gives any quarter), in his comparison of ancient and modern learning, numbers divinity, law, *etc.* among those parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients,

whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of *flies* and *spittle*, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments, for the great *helps* and *liftings* I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, besides these omissions in Homer, already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings; for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible, he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the *compass*, of *gun-powder*, and the *circulation of the blood*. But I challenge any of his admirers, to shew me in all his writings a complete account of the *spleen*. Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of *political waging*? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon *tea*? And as to his method of *salivation without mercury*, so much celebrated of late, it is to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentuous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or *fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, *My new help for smat-*

terers ; or, the art of being deep-learned, and shallow-read :—A curious invention about mouse-traps :—An universal rule of reason : or, Every man his own carver ; together with a most useful engine for catching of owls. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible, into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing ; because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose ; wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the *sublime* and the *admirable* they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the *last writer* ; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the *fresh-est modern*, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in *monster-mongers*, and other *retailers of strange sights*, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath. This hath saved me many a three-pence ; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging
and

and attending orator, with his last *moving* and *standing* piece of rhetoric, "Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin." Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of *Prefaces*, *Epistles*, *Advertisements*, *Introductions*, *Prolegomena's*, *Apparatus's*, *To the readers*. This expedient was admirable at first. Our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He hath often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so: However, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should: For it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of *preface* and *dedication*, (which is the usual *modern* stint), as if it were so much *Latin*. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed *critics* and *wits*, by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore, having the *modern* inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; *a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer*.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a *long digression unsought for*, and an *universal censure unprovoked*; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other mens defaults, with great justice to myself

myself, and candour to them; I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.



S E C T. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WE left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; - scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but, on the decline of fortune, to drop suddenly off: whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains. In imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian, to follow the truth, step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their
first

first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past; and could not tell, on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's *will*, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the *will* (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats: in the perusal whereof, the two brothers, at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright transgressions of every point, Upon which they both resolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN *, and the other took the appellation of JACK †. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement, under the tyranny of their brother Peter; as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same. But when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture

* Martin Luther.

† John Calvin.

of their affairs gave them a sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory; a deficiency to which a true *modern* cannot but, of necessity, be a little subject: because *memory* being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with *invention*, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought, in method, to have informed the reader about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley, the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that, upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen; but an infinite quantity of *lace*, and *ribbands*, and *fringe*, and *embroidery*, and *points*; (I mean only those tagged with silver *, for the rest fell off). Now, this material circumstance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at

* Points tagged with silver, are those doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the church, which have been therefore woven deepest in the body of Popery.

one twitch brought off a large handful of *points*; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of *fringe*. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while. He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done. However, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent in pulling off the *points*, which, being *tagged with silver*, (as we have observed before, the judicious workman had with much sagacity double sown, to preserve them from *falling*). Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of *gold lace*, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went; which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat; contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wisest course was, to let it remain; resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's *will*. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution*.

But

* The criticisms of the Martinists (whom we may suppose the members of the church of England) were, it is to be hoped, more candid

But his brother Jack †, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of *zeal*; which is perhaps the most significant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent *analytical* discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a *histori-theo-physi-logical* account of *zeal*, shewing how it first proceeded from a *notion* into a *word*, and from thence, in

candid than those contained in the following note, for Martin is treated with a much less degree of sarcasm than the other two brothers — The church of England can scarce be angry at such a favourable account of Luther; especially as we have since reformed from Luther himself, and, so far as our judgements can teach us, have restored our habits still nearer to the original fashion, which they bore at the perfection of the testament. *Orrery.*

† In the character of Jack a set of people were alarmed, who are easily offended, and who can scarce bear the cheerfulness of a smile. In their dictionary, wit is only another name for wickedness; and the purer or more excellent the wit, the greater and more impious the abomination. However wise, therefore, the difference of Peter and Jack might have been in fashioning their coats, the two brothers most sincerely agreed in their hatred of an adversary so powerful as this anonymous author. They spared no unmannerly reflections upon his character. They had recourse to every kind of abuse that could reach him. And sometimes it was the work of Swift and his companions: sometimes not a syllable of it was his work; it was the work of one of his uncle's sons, a clergyman: and sometimes it was the work of a person, who was to be nameless. Each of these malicious conjectures reigned in its turn: and it will be found, that bold assertions, however false, almost constantly meet with success; a kind of triumph that would appear one of the severest institutes of fate, if time and truth did not soon obliterate all marks of the victory. *Orrery.*

a hot summer, ripened into a *tangib'le substance*. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the *modern way of subscription*; not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement, having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brim-full of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What," said he, "a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes, palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton, and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more dispatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that *zeal* is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a *tearing*; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened, that stripping down a parcel of *gold lace* a little too hastily, he rent the *main body* of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in *taking up a stitch*, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with *pack-thread* and a *skewer*. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the *embroidery*: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and

flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career: "Ah, good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue Peter as it is possible. I would not, for an hundred pounds, carry the least mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours, of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely flegmatic and sedate, "begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider, that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's *will*: that he should remember, Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought, as that of taking measures for good and evil, from no other rule than of opposition to him: that it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them; and therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction."

Martin had still proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's *repose, both of body and mind*, the true ultimate end of *ethics*; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as, in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that *opposes*, so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the *respondent*;
 disputants

disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the *gravity* of one side advances the *lightness* of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam: so it happened here, that the *weight* of Martin's arguments exalted Jack's *levity*, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's *patience* put Jack in a *rage*. But that which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery: so that he looked like a drunken *beau*, half ruffled by *bullies*; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of *garnish*; or like a discovered *shop-lifter*, left to the mercy of *Exchange women**; or like a *barwd* in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the *mobile*. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of *rags* and *lace*, and *rents* and *fringes*, unfortunate Jack did now appear. He would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the *fox's* arguments † as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to *rea-*

* The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women. The same use was made of a building called the New Exchange in the Strand. This edifice has been pulled down; the shopkeepers have removed from the Royal Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent streets; and there are now no remains of Exchange-women, but in Exeter 'change, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion.

† The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap, and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off theirs, that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision.

son, as he called it, or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction? To be short, here begun a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to *new lodgings*, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report, by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him *Jack the Bald* †; sometimes, *Jack with a lantern* ‡; sometimes, *Dutch Jack* ||; sometimes *French Hugh* **; sometimes, *Tom the Beggar* ††; and sometimes, *Knocking Jack of the North* ††. And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine; that he hath given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of *Æclists*, who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account;

— *Mellico contingens cuncta lepore.*

† That is, Calvin, from *calvus*, bald.

‡ All those who pretend to inward light.

|| Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the Anabaptists.

** The Hugonots.

†† The Gucuses, by which name some Protestants in Flanders were called.

‡‡ John Knox, the reformer of Scotland.

S E C T. VII.

A digression in praise of digressions.

I Have sometimes heard of an *Iliad* in a nut-shell; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nut shell in an *Iliad*. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost enquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of *digressions*: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in *soups* and *olio's*, *fricassees* and *ragouts*.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detraacting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations. And as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel; but are so bold to pronounce the example itself, a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us, that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution: and to see a man hunting through an *olio* after the head and brains of a *goose*, a *widgeon*, or a *woodcock*, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that *digressions* in a book are like *foreign troops* in a *state*, which argue the nation to want a *heart* and *hands*

of its own; and often either *subdue* the natives, or drive them into the most *unfruitful* corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its *cradle*, to be reared, and fed, and clothed by *invention*; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subject, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with *knowledge* it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till, provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between *us* and the *ancients*, and the *moderns* wisely sensible of it; we of this age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become *scholars* and *wits*, without the fatigue of *reading* or of *thinking*. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do *lords*, learn their *titles* exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the *index*, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like *fishes* by the *tail*. For to enter the palace of learning at the *great gate*, requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content

to get in by the *back-door*. For the arts are all in a *flying* march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the *rear*. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from *behind*. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their *wit* on the *posteriors* of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging *salt* upon their *tails*. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of *regarding the end*. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are *old sciences* unravelled like *old stockings*, by beginning at the *foot*.

Besides all this, the army of the sciences hath been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its *close order*, so that a view, or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to *systems* and *abstracts*, in which the *modern* fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For *labour* is the seed of *idleness*, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the *fruit*.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and *sublime*, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not, at this present, a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful *computer*, who hath given a full demonstration of it from rules of *arithmetic*.

This, perhaps, may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any *species* of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest

blest branch of *modern* wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which of all others, hath borne the most and the fairest fruit. For tho' some remains of it were left us by the *ancients*, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated, or compiled into systems for *modern* use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it hath, in some sort, been both invented and brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean is, that highly-celebrated talent among the *modern* wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprizing, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with their *proper uses*. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, besides what is derived into these *channels*, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pygmies; *whose stature did not exceed above two foot: sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia* *. Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared. And although this *vein* hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, *who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk* †; yet I am under an apprehension, it is near growing dry; and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestible argument, that

* Ctesiae fragm. apud Photium.

† Herodot. l. 4.

our *modern* wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large *indexes*, and little *compendiums*? *Quotations* must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet. To this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet *critics*, and *commentators*, and *lexicons*, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of *bright parts*, and *flowers*, and *observanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the *sieves* and *boulders* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *pearls* or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which *passed through*, or what *staid behind*.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest, and most universal subjects. For what though his *head* be empty, provided his *common-place book* be full? And if you will bate him but the circumstances of *method*, and *style*, and *grammar*, and *invention*; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library; but when the fullness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to *ascend the sky*,

Without these allowances, how is it possible we *modern* wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature? for want of which the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried

ried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion.

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the *guild*: A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of *pens* was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, “ that in the regions far to the *north*, it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with *feathers* *.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return, with great alacrity, to pursue a more important concern.



S E C T. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned Æolists † maintain the original cause of all things to be *wind*, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out.

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima*

* Herodot. l. 4.

† All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever.

mundi; that is to say, the *spirit*, or *breath*, or *wind* of the world. For examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all these but several appellations for *wind*? which is the ruling *element* in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption. Farther, what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the *breath* of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that *wind* still continues of great *emolument* in *certain mysteries* not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent* or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the *compass* of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight, That since *wind* had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore *man* is in highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animis* or *winds*, to which the sage *Æolists*, with much liberality, have added a fourth of equal necessity, as well as ornament, with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in our four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist*, Bombastus *, of pla-

* This is one of the names of Paracelsus. He was called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombastus.

cing the body of man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, 'That *man* brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of *wind*, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This *quintessence* is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when *blown* up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise *Æolists* affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them in vast numbers, with their *mouths gaping wide enough against a storm* *. At other times were to be seen, several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a *tun*; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies their *vessels*. When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle: Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning *puffeth men up*; and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism:

* This is meant of those seditious preachers, who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c.

Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; ergo, learning is nothing but wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils, all their doctrines and opinions by *erudition*, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the *wind* and vapours issuing forth; having first, by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's little world; distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of *relievo*. At which junctures, all their *belches* were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And to render these yet more complete; because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening *belches* were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four *winds*, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all *inspiration* can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria**, was the *almighty North*; an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis in Greece had likewise in the highest reverence: *Omniū deorū Boream maxime celebrant* †. This god, though endued with ubiquity was yet supposed by the profounder Æolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cælum*

* *Latria* is that worship which is paid only to the Supreme Deity.

† Pausan. 1. 8.

empyræum, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called *Σχολία*, or, the *land of darkness*. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter; yet so much is undisputed, that, from a region of the *like denomination*, the most refined *Æolists* have borrowed their original; from whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest *inspiration*; fetching it, with their own hands, from the fountain-head, in certain *bladders*, and discharging it among the sectaries in all nations; who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuosos of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving *winds* in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages; and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented, although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirollus*. It was an invention ascribed to *Æolus* himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those *barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top. Into this *barrel*, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself, by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a *northern chink* or cranny. Whereupon you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his *vessel*. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his

* An author who writes *De artibus perditis, &c.* of arts lost, and of arts invented.

auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the *wind* in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the sea; first *blackening*, then *wrinkling*, and at last *bursting it into a foam* †. It is in this guise the sacred Æolift delivers his oracular *belches* to his panting disciples; of whom some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath? others are all the while hymning out the praises of the *winds*; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these Æolifts to have been very ancient in the world; because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subteraneous *effluvioms of wind*, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the *same* influence on the people. It is true, indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by *female* officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those *oracular gusts*, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual ecstasy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of *female* priests* is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our *modern* Æolifts, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors, the *Sibyls*.

† This is an exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers.

* Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally fallies out into both extremes of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the same course and wing, he falls down plum into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the *east* into the *west*; or like a strait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes over-short, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground: or whether, after all these *metaphysical* conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true, That, as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a *god*, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a *devil*. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough: for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a *devil*, it hath been the usual method of mankind, to single

out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of *Æolists* possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the *camelion**, sworn foe to *inspiration*, who, in scorn, devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by *eruclation*. The other was a huge terrible monster, called *Mulin à vent*, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dextrously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished, and set out with *gods*, as well as *devils*, was the renowned sect of *Æolists*; which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch: of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother *Æolists*, among us, as not only to buy their *winds* by wholesale from the *same* merchants, but also to retail them after the *same* rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack; or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations suited to the times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it, at least, a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

* I do not well understand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monster mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulin à vent*, which is the French name for a windmill.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men, for whom I have a peculiar honour; and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.



S E C T. IX.

A digression concerning the original, the use, and improvement of madness in a commonwealth.

NOR shall it any wise detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of *madness*, or *phrenzy*. For if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men; which are, “the
 “ establishment of new empires by conquest; the
 “ advance and progress of new schemes in philo-
 “ sophy; and the contriving, as well as the propa-
 “ gating of new religions;” we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons, whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influ-
 ence

ence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons, And it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the *upper region* of man is furnished like the *middle region* of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the wildest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a Jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour, as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed; so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original, as those of the skies; yet the crops they produce, differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet; and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers or his nearest favourites*. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in

* This was Harry the Great of France.

trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed, he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the *Pope*, and setting up the *Reformed* religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia, to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain *state-surgeon* †, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure; at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the *vapour*. Nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *vapour* took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze! what secret wheel, what hidden spring could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent *female*, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and, before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried, in vain, the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque*: for,

Idque petit corpus mens, unde est saucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire. *Lucr.*

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the *semen*, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the

† Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great in his coach.

brain. The very same principle that influences a *bully* to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

— *Cunus, teterrimi belli*

Causa —

The other instance is, what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author of a mighty king*, who for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this *phenomenon*. At last the *vapour* or *spirit* which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body, so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis* †, and gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is, where those exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same spirits, which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fistula*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of

* This is meant of the present French King, Lewis XIV.

† Paracelsus, who was so famous for chymistry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or *western civer*, the back parts of man (according to his division mentioned by the author, p. 120.) being the west,

new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known; from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples: because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both *ancient* and *modern*, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of *unrefined* reason; agreeing, for the most part, in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the *academy of modern bedlam*; (whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place). Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of *phlebotomy*, and *whips*, and *chains*, and *dark chambers*, and *straw*. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? Yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped, that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concurrence of all mens opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain *clinamina*, unite in the notions of *atoms* and *void*, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers,

sophers, like so many lesser stars in his *romantic* system, wrapped and drawn within his own *vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my *phenomenon* of *vapours*, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name besides that of *madness*, or *phrenzy*. Let us therefore now conjecture, how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And, I think, the reason is easy to be assigned: for there is a peculiar *string* in the harmony of human understanding, which, in several individuals, is exactly of the same tuning. This if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter: for if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height; instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct, to distinguish and adapt this noble talent with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our *hackney-coachmen*, (who, it seems, in those days, were as arrant rascals as they are now), has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere* *. For, to speak

* Epist. ad Fam. Trebatio.

a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage, so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a *philosopher*. Which I desire *some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance* to lay up in their hearts as a very seasonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton; a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as performances. Whether you will consider his *notions* or his *looks*, surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of *dreams* and *visions*, where *distortion* of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use; the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brother *modernists* themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, Whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of *enthusiasm*, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring-head to have been as *troubled* and *muddy* as the current. Of such great emolument is a tincture of this *vapour*, which the world calls *madness*, that, without its help, the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, *conquests* and *systems*, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former *postulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this *vapour* proceeds, but either in what *angles* it strikes, and spreads over the understanding, or upon what *species* of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point, to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons

reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour, as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch; and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost perpenstity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain † * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Hic multa desiderantur. * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that, if the moderns mean by madness only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, in philosophy, and in religion. For the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his visions; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason;

† Here is another defect in the manuscript; but I think the author did wisely, and that the matter, which thus strained our faculties, was not worth a solution; and it were well if all metaphysical cobweb problems were no otherwise answered.

when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first profelyte he makes is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from *without*, as vigorously as from *within*. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as *dupe* and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by *happiness*, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, That *it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived*. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth: And the reason is just at our elbow; because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between *things past*, and *things conceived*. And so the question is only this: Whether things that have place in the *imagination*, may not as properly be said to *exist*, as those that are seated in the *memory*? Which may be justly held in the affirmative; and very much to the advantage of the former; since this is acknowledged to be the *womb* of things, and the other allowed to be no more than than the *grave*. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of *delusion*! How shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glass of nature! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial

artificial *mediums*, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities: An employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of *unmasking*; which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the *world*, or the *play-house*.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind, than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch. These never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now, I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognifance, the *outside* hath been infinitely preferable to the *in*. Whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman *flayed*, and you will hardly believe

believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a *beau* to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of cloaths. Then I laid open his *brain*, his *heart*, and his *spleen*. But I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk. From all which I justly formed this conclusion to myself, that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him who held *anatomy* to be the ultimate end of *physic*. And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the *films* and *images*, that fly off upon his senses from the *superficies* of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the scum and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the *possession of being well deceived*; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to *madness*: It is certain, that according to the system I have above deduced, every *species* thereof proceeds from a redundancy of *vapours*; therefore, as some kinds of *phrenzy* give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other *species*, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain. Now, it usually happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal
branches

branches of *madness*, and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes; over-hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundancy.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of *vapour*, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man, chusing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country: Another atchieves the same enterprize; but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of *madness* fixed as a reproach upon his memory. Upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of *Curtius* with reverence and love; that of *Empedocles* with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the *fool* and *madman* for the good of the public. But this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same *vapour* long misapplied, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negctiis* *; or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of *phrenzy*, never in its right element, till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, Sir John Bawls, John How, Esq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who shall be impowered to *send for persons, papers, and records*; to examine into the merits and qualifi-

* Tacit.

cations of every student and professor; to observe with the utmost exactness, their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, † * * * * *civil* and *military*; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great sollicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy number.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piss-pot in the spectators faces? Let the Right Worshipful the *Commissioner of Inspection* give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the *rest*. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling, in a sound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here mislaid! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and *three pence* * in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornuta erat ejus facies* †. He walks duly in one pace; intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and *the whore of Babylon*; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of *fire*, and *shop-lifters*, and *court-customers*, and *privileged*

† *Ecclesiastical*.

* A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the inns of court to Westminster.

† *Cornutus* is either horned or shining: and by this term Moses is described in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.

places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the *city* among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself; biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great saver of time; somewhat thick of hearing; very short of sight, but more of memory; a man ever in haste; a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of *whispering nothing*; a large idolater of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to every body that he never keeps it, one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the *sound*: extremely subject to the *looseness*, for his *occasions* are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals, "Sir," says he, "Give me a penny and I'll sing you a song; but give me the penny first. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a *song*.) What a complete system of *court-skill* is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel, (first stopping your nose,) you will behold a furly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine,. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure; which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive
your

your penny, and immediately upon receipt, withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The *keeper* desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt. To him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber; and the *orator* of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a *tailor* run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not farther enlarge. — *Hark in your ear* *. — I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely, as to insist upon the vast number of *beaux*, *fiddlers*, *poets* and *politicians*, that the world might recover by such a reformation. But what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shewn, and shall enforce by this one plain instance, that even I myself, the au-

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chasm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation,

thor of these momentous truths, am a person, whose imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his *reason*, which I have observed, from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off; upon which account, my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that *modern* charity and tenderness usually annexed to his *office*, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.



S E C T. X.

A further digression.*

IT is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of *authors*, and that of *readers*. There can hardly pop out a *play*, a *pamphlet*, or a *poem*, without a preface full of acknowledgement to the world, for the general reception and applause they have given it; which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received †. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to *his Majesty*, and both houses of *parliament*; to

* This section has in former editions been intitled, *A Tale of a Tub*; but the Tale not being continued till section 11. and this being only a further digression, no apology can be thought necessary for making the title correspond with the contents.

† This is literally true, as we may observe in the prefaces to most plays, poems, &c.

the lords of the King's Most Honourable Privy Council; to the Reverend the judges; to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of this land; but, in a more especial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at *Will's coffeehouse*, and *Gresham-college*, and *Warwick-lane*, and *Moorfields*, and *Scotland-yard*, and *Westminster-hall*, and *Guild-hall*; in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude; and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed an age, for the mutual felicity of *booksellers* and *authors*, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author, how his last piece has succeeded: "Why, truly, he thanks his stars, the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain. And yet, by G—, he writ it in a week at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs;" as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: "He blesses his God the thing takes wonderfully; he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop." You beat down the price: "Sir, we shall not differ;" and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; "and, pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall upon your account furnish them all at the same rate."

Now, it is not well enough considered to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings which
hourly

hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a “rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor’s bill, a beggar’s purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning;” but for these events, I say, and some others, too long to recite, (especially a “prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly.”) I doubt, the number of *authors*, and of *writings*, would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of a famous Troglodyte philosopher. “It is certain,” said he, “some grains of folly are of course annexed as part of the compositions of human nature: only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them *inlaid* or *imbossed*; and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.”

There is in this famous island of Britain, a certain paultry *scribler*, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *second parts*, and usually passes under the name of *the author of the first*. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this nimble *operator* will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. Blackmore, L’Estrange, and many others, who shall here be nameless. I therefore fly for justice and relief, into the hands of that great *rectifier of saddles**, and *lover of mankind*, Dr. Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most *modern* consideration: and if it should so happen, that the *furniture of an ass*, in the shape of a *second part*, must for my sins be clap-

* Alluding to the trite phrase, “Place the saddle on the right horse.”

ped by a mistake upon my back; that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to *his own house*, till the *true beast* thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time, I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my *vein* is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the *leavings* in the cupboard. What the *guests* cannot eat, may be given to the *poor*; and the dogs under the table may gnaw the *bones* †. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of *scraps*.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes; the *superficial*, the *ignorant*, and the *learned*: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The *superficial* reader will be strangely provoked to *laughter*; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the *spleen*, and the most innocent of all *diuretics*. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to *stare*; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves

† By *dogs* the author means common injudicious critics, as he explains it himself before, in his digression upon critics, p. 82.

to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps *perspiration*. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in *Christendom* will take seven of the *deepest* scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for *seven* years, in *seven* chambers, with a command to write *seven* ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we *mysterious* writers can seldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves, whether it is, that *Fame*, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the *stock* is in the earth; or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest to pursue after the scent of a *carcase*; or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she stands on a *tomb*, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of *dark* authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of *dying*, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, *Night* being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be *fruitful* in the proportion they are *dark*; and therefore the *true illuminated** (that is to say, the *darkest* of all) have

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* A name of the Rosycrucians. — These were Fanatic alchymists,

met with such numberless commentators, whose *scholastic* midwifery hath delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower*.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendo's*, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by *seven*, and divided by nine †. Also, if a devout brother of the *Rosy Cross* will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to prescription, in the second and fifth section; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of *bythus* and *fige* ‡, and be sure not

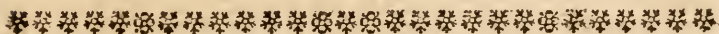
mists, who, in search after the great secret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end. It was a kind of theological philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabala. “ Warburton on the Rape of the Lock.”

* Nothing is more frequent, than for commentators to force interpretations which the author never meant.

† This is what the Cabalists among the Jews have done with the Bible, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it.

‡ I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of *achamoth*, and
its

not to forget the qualities of *achamoth*; *a cujus lacrymis humeſta prodit ſubſtantia, a riſu lucida, a triſtitia ſolida, et a timore mobilis*; wherein Eugenius Philalethes * hath committed an unpardonable miſtake.



S E C T. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB:

After ſo wide a compaſs as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and cloſe in with my ſubject; and ſhall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except ſome beautiful proſpect appears within ſight of my way: whereof though at preſent I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon ſuch an accident, come when it will, I ſhall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it

its qualities, as here ſet down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he diſcovered by ſearching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author; which he has placed in the title-page, and refers to the book and chapter. The curious were very inquiſitive, whether thoſe barbarous words, *baſyma cacabaſa*, &c. are really in Irenæus: and upon enquiry, it was found they were a ſort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to ſuch a book as this of our author.

* *Vid. Anima magica abſcondita.*

To the above mentioned treatiſe, called *Antropoſophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abſcondita*, written by the ſame author, *Vaughan*, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes*; but in neither of thoſe treatiſes is there any mention of *achamoth*, or its qualities: ſo that this is nothing but amuſement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *a cujus lacrymis*, &c. are, as we have ſaid, tranſcribed from *Irenæus*, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's deſigns was, to ſet curious men a hunting through indexes, and enquiring for books out of the common road.

along with myself. For in *writing*, it is as in *travelling*; if a man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there), if his *horse* be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty. But then, surely, we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best: he *spatters* himself and his fellow-travellers at every step; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation, turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his *horse* are in heart and plight; when his purse is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can: but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d—mn'd: he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children run out to gaze; a hundred *noisy curs* * run *barking* after him; of which if he honours the boldest with a *lash of his whip*, it is rather out of sport than revenge: but should some *fouler mongril* dare too near an approach, he receives a *salute* on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, (nor is any ground lost by the blow), which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose disposi-

* By these are meant what the author calls, the True Critics
p. 82.

tions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

Jack had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of *Æclists*, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions; which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make *shadows*, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the *letter*, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's *will*, ingrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy, that the

matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen, *said he*, I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth; to be the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine*." In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paultry occasions of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe; or when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny: they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will †; and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side; he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a pas-

* The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using scripture phrase on all occasions.

† The Protestant dissenters use scripture phrases in their serious discourses and compositions, more than the Church-of-England men. Accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL, *W. Wotton*.

page near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it*.

He made it a part of his religion, never to say grace to his meat †; nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals *like a Christian* ‡.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to *snap-dragon* §, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle; which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in his belly; which issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyd a farthing candle, *to the terror of his Majesty's liege subjects*. Therefore he made use of no other expedient to light himself home; but was wont to say, that *a wise man was his own lantern*.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets; and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into the kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the

* I cannot guess the author's meaning here, which I would be very glad to know, because it seems to be of importance.

Ibid. *Incurring the penalty in such cases usually annexed*, wants no explanation. *He would not make himself clean, because having consulted the will*, (i. e. the New Testament), *he met with a passage near the bottom*, i. e. in the 11th verse of the last chapter of the Revelations, "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still," *which seemed to forbid it*. *Whether foisted in by the transcriber*, is added; because this paragraph is wanting in the *Alexandrian MS.* the oldest and most authentic copy of the New Testament.

† The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics.

‡ This is a common phrase to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the dissenters refusing to kneel at the sacrament.

§ I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts.

giving apprentices, who looked on, that “ he submitted, with entire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging fall, or a bloody nose. It was ordained, *said he*, some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore Nature thought fit to send us both into the world into the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by man, with all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies, when they scour the streets; exposing its owner and itself, to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped, if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if we examine the *conduct* of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their *fortune*. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twich me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age or posterity, to trust their *noses* into the keeping of their *eyes*; which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind
“ guides;

“ guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail
 “ noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first pre-
 “ cipice in view, and then tow our wretched wil-
 “ ling bodies after you, to the very brink of de-
 “ struction. But, alas! that brink is rotten, our
 “ feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf,
 “ without one hospitable shrub in the way to break
 “ the fall; a fall to which not any nose of mortal
 “ make is equal, except that of the giant *Laurcal-*
 “ *co**, who was lord of the *silver bridge*. Most
 “ properly therefore, O eyes, and with great jus-
 “ tice, may you be compared to those foolish
 “ lights, which conduct men through dirt and
 “ darkness, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noi-
 “ some bog.”

This I have produced, as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of *devotion*, having introduced a new deity, who hath since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called *Babel*, by others *Chaos*; who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury-plain, famous for its shrine and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel †. Then it was, that those who understood his pranks would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen, he would of a sudden with one hand out with his *gear*, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other all bespatter them with mud.

* Vide *Don Quixote*.

† The villanies and cruelties, committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let *in* the ambient heat; and in summer lapped himself close and thick, to keep it *out* †.

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of *hangman-general* †; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make use of no other *vizor* than a long prayer **.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtil, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of *braying*; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the *original* and the *copy*.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called the stinging of the *tarantula*; and would run dog-mad at the noise of *music*, especially a *pair of bag-pipes* *. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three turns in *Westminster-hall*, or *Bilingsgate*, or in a *boarding-school*, or the *Royal-Exchange*, or a *state coffee-house*.

He was a person that *feared* no *colours* †, but mortally *bated* all; and upon that account bore a cruel aversion against *painters*; insomuch, that in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would

† They affected differences in habit and behaviour.

‡ They are severe persecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.

** Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to *seek God*, when they resolved to murder the King.

* This is to expose our Dissenters aversion against instrumental music in churches. *W. Wotton*.

† They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the statues and paintings on all the churches in England.

have his pockets loaden with stones, to pelt at the signs.

Having, from his manner of living, frequent occasion to *wash* himself, he would often leap over head and ears into water, though it were in the midst of *winter*; but was always observed to come out again much *dirtier*, if possible, than he went in †.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a *soporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears*. It was a compound of *sulphur*, and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *pilgrim's salve* ||.

He wore a large plaister of artificial *caustics* on his stomach, with the favour of which he could set himself a *groaning*, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street; and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps;" to another, "Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse." "Madam, shall I intreat a small box on the ear from your Ladyship's fair hand? Noble Captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours, over these poor shoulders*." And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the *public good*. "Observe this stroke," said he, shewing his bare shoulders, "a plaguy *janisary* gave it

† Baptism of adults by plunging.

|| Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell and damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of heaven; both in such a dirty, nauseous style, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve.

* The Fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.

“ me this very morning at seven o’clock, as, with
 “ much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk.
 “ Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a
 “ plaister. Had poor Jack been tender of his nod-
 “ dle, you would have seen the Pope and the
 “ French King, long before this time of day, a-
 “ mong your wives and your warehouses. Dear
 “ Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far as
 “ White-chapel; and you may thank these poor
 “ sides, that he hath not (God blefs us) already
 “ swallowed up man, woman, and child.”

It was highly worth observing, the singular ef-
 fects of that aversion or antipathy, which Jack and
 his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to
 bear against each other †. Peter had lately done
some rogueries, that forced him to abscond; and he
 seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear
 of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most
 distant parts of the town, from each other; and
 whenever their occasions or humours called them
 abroad, they would make choice of the oddest un-
 likely times, and most uncouth rounds they could
 invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another.
 Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to
 meet. The reason of which is easy enough to ap-
 prehend: for the frenzy and the spleen of both,
 having the same foundation, we may look upon them
 as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and
 the fixed foot of each remaining in the same cen-
 tre; which, though moving contrary ways at first,
 will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the

† The Papists and Fanatics, though they appear the most averse
 against each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as
 hath been observed by learned men.

Ibid. The agreement of our Dissenters and the Papists, in that
 which Bishop Stillingsfleet called, *The fanaticism of the church of Rome*,
 is ludicrously described for several pages together, by Jack’s likeness
 to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their
 frequent meetings when they least intended it. *W. Watton.*

circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape and size, and their mien; insomuch as nothing was more frequent, than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and to cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the King's prisoner:" or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray, send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects, upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his *coat* bore all the punishment. The orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day, for two hours, against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of *lace* and *embroidery*: but, at the same time, went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a *heathen philosopher*. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock-resemblance to finery; there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes: so, in these junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting; which, assisting

the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both. * * *

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Desunt nonnulla.

The old Sclayonian proverb said well, That “ it is with *men*, as with *asses*; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears.” Yet I think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons. For, if we look into primitive records, we shall find, that no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human *ears*. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ*. And how can it be otherwise, when, in these latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfullest *tenure*? For if the only flitting of one *ear* in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the *ears* of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this *island* of ours was under the dominion of *grace*, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of *ears* once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the *outward* man, but as a type of *grace* in the *inward*. Besides, it is held by

natu-

naturalists, that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the *superior* region of the body, as in the *ears* and *nose*, there must be a parity also in the *inferior*. And therefore, in that truly pious age, the *males* in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their *ears* to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us, that “when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch*.” And the *females* were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them; whereof those who had already *used the means*, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect. Others, who stood candidates for *benevolence*, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest *ears*, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters; who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member; as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been *marks of grace*; but especially that of the preacher, whose *ears* were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people: in his rhetorical *paroxysms*, turning sometimes to *hold forth* the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other. From which custom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, stiled by the phrase of *holding forth*.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and, it is thought, the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel king had not arose; who raised a bloody persecution against all *ears* a-

*- Lib. de aere, locis, et aquis.

bove a certain standard †. Upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border; others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced to the stumps. But of this more hereafter, in my *general history of ears*; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of *ears* in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several *handles*, whereof the *six** senses afford one a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few rivetted to the intellect. Among these last, *curiosity* is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp; *curiosity*, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this *handle* it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which, as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain: and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid *handle*, a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them in the perusal of what remains to that natural *oscitancy* inherent in the tribe. I can only as-

† This was K. Charles II. who, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform.

* Including Scaliger's.

sure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprizing; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which there was a full account, how Peter got a *protection* out of the King's-bench; and of a reconciliation between Jack and him, upon a design they had in a certain *rainy night*, to-trepan brother Martin into a *spunging-house*, and there strip him to the skin ||: how Martin, with much ado, shewed them both a fair pair of heels; how a *new warrant* came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, *stole his protection*, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in *court and city*; how he got upon a *great horse* *; and eat *custard* †. But the particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendship that hath passed between us, from the title-page to this, not

|| In the reign of K. James II. the Presbyterians, by the King's invitation, joined with the Papists, against the church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The King, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of. But, upon the revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of King James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This, I believe, the author means, by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself.

* Sir Humphry Edwyn, a Presbyterian, was some years ago Lord Mayor of London, and had the insolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the ensigns of his office.

† Custard is a famous dish at a Lord Mayor's feast.

to proceed so far as to injure their healths, for an accident past remedy: I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer; and therefore, by a courtly *modern*, least of all others to be omitted.



THE CONCLUSION.

Going too long is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as *going too short*; and holds true especially in the *labours* of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble *Jesuit* † who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions; and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this, among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a *book* that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the *moon* by day, or like *mackarel* a week after the season. No man hath more nicely observed our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work. He knows to a tittle, what subjects will go best off in a *dry year*, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to *much rain*. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his *almanack* upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were the *bulk* and the *subject*; and found, it would never *take*, but after a long vacation; and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, *considering my urgent necessities*, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked *westward*, and said, “ I doubt we shall have a fit of
“ bad weather; however, if you could prepare

† Pere d'Orleans.

“ some pretty little *banter*, (*but not in verse*) or a
 “ small treatise upon the —, it would run like
 “ wild-fire. But, *if it hold up*, I have already hired
 “ an author to write something against Dr. Bently,
 “ which, I am sure, will turn to account *.”

At length we agreed upon this expedient, That when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if *Durfey's* last play should be in course, I had as lieve he may be the person as *Congreve*. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers; and have often observed with singular pleasure, that a *fly* driven from a *honey-pot*, will immediately with very good appetite alight, and finish his meal on an *excrement*.

I have one word to say upon the subject of *profound writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being *profound*, that it is with *writers* as with *wells*; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any *water* be there; and often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides *dryness* and *dirt*, though it be but a yard and a half under ground, it shall pass however for wondrous *deep*, upon no wiser a reason, than because it is wondrous *dark*.

I am now trying an experiment, very frequent among modern authors; which is, to *write upon nothing*: when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on; by some called the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its bo-

* When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his *Connection of the Old and New Testament* to the bookseller, he told him, it was a *dry subject*, and the printing could not safely be ventured, unless he could *enliven it with a little humour*.

dy. And, to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning *when to have done*. By the time that an author hath written out a book; he and his readers are become old acquaintants, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ convivæ*: for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to *doze*, or to *sleep* out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the *repose* of mankind in times so turbulent and unquiet as these*. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a *wit*, as some would suppose. For among a very polite nation in Greece, there were the *same* temples built and consecrated to *Sleep* and the *Muses*, between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established †.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, That he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line, or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dullness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

* This was written before the peace of Ryswick, which was signed in September 1697.

† Trezenii, Pausan. 1. 2.

In my difpofure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make *invention* the *master*, and to give *method* and *reason* the office of its *lacqueys*. The caufe of this diftribution was, from obferving it my peculiar cafe to be often under a temptation of being *witty* upon occafions, where I could be neither *wife* nor *found*, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a fervant of the *modern* way, to neglect any fuch opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have obferved, that from a laborious collection of feven hundred thirty-eight *flowers*, and *fhining hints* of the beft *modern* authors, digefted with great reading into my book of *common-places*; I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common converfation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of fuccefs, by being dropped among unfuitable company; and the other coft me fo many ftrains, and traps, and *ambages* to introduce, that I at length refolved to give it over. Now, this difappointment, (to difcover a fecret), I muft own, gave me the firft hint of fetting up for an *author*; and I have fince found among fome particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the fame effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a *towardly word* to be wholly neglected or defpifed in *difcourfe*, which hath paffed very fmoothly, with fome confideration and efteem, after its preferment and fanction in *print*. But now fince, by the liberty and encouragement of the prefs, I am grown abfolute mafter of the occafions and opportunities to expofe the talents I have acquired; I already difcover, that the *iffues* of my *obfervanda* begin to grow too large for the *receipts*. Therefore I fhall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will be of abfolute neceffity for us both to refume my pen.



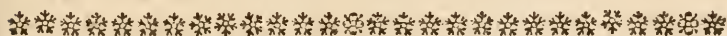
A full and true Account of the BATTLE
fought last Friday, between the ANCIENT
and the MODERN BOOKS in St. James's
Library.

The BOOKSELLER to the READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably
of the same author, so it seems to have been
written about the same time with the former; I
mean, the year 1697, when the famous dispute was
on foot, about *ancient and modern learning*. The
controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir Wil-
liam Temple's upon that subject; which was an-
swered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix
by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit
of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir Wil-
liam Temple had, in the essay before mentioned,
highly commended. In that appendix, the Doctor
falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out
by the Honourable Charles Boyle (now Earl of
Orrery); to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with
great learning and wit; and the Doctor volu-
minously rejoined. In this dispute, the town
highly resented to see a person of Sir William
Temple's character and merits roughly used by the
two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without
any manner of provocation. At length, there
appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells
us, that the BOOKS in St. James's library, look-
ing upon themselves as parties principally concern-
ed, took up the controversy, and came to a deci-
sive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of
fortune.

fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader, to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: And so of the rest.



The PREFACE of the AUTHOR.

SAtire is a sort of *glass*, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke. For anger and fury, though they add strength to the *sinews* of the *body*, yet are found to relax those of the *mind*, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a *brain* that will endure but one *scumming*; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry. But of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the *lash* of his *bettors*; because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply: Wit without knowledge being a sort of *cream*, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon *whipped* into *froth*; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.



A full and true Account of the BATTLE
fought last Friday, &c*.

Whoever examines with due circumspection into the *annual records of time*, will find it remarked, that *war is the child of pride, and pride*

* The *Battle of the Books* took its rise from a controversy between Sir William Temple and Mr. Wotton; a controversy which made much noise, and employed many pens towards the latter end of the last century. This humorous treatise is drawn up in an heroic comic stile, in which Swift, with great wit and spirit, gives the victory to the former. The general plan is excellent, but particular parts are defective. The frequent chasms puzzle and interrupt the narrative: They neither convey any latent ideas; nor point out any distinct or occult sarcasms. Some characters are barely touched upon, which might have been extended, others are enlarged, which might have been contracted. The name of Horace is inserted; and Virgil is introduced only for an opportunity of comparing his translator Dryden, to the lady in a lobster; to a mouse under a canopy of state; and to a sh-rivelled beau within the pent house of a full-bottomed periwig. These similes carry the true stamp of ridicule. But rancour must be very prevalent in the heart of an author, who could overlook the merits of Dryden; many of whose dedications and preface are as fine compositions, and, and as just pieces of criticism, as any in our language. The translation of Virgil was a work of haste and indigence. Dryden was equal to the undertaking, but unfortunate during the conduct of it.—The two chief heroes among the modern generals, are Wotton and Bentley. Their figures are displayed in the most disadvantageous attitudes. The former is described, “full of spleen, dulness, and ill manners.” The latter is represented, “tall, without shape or comeliness; large, “without strength or proportion.”——The *battle*, which is maintained by the ancients with great superiority of strength, though not of numbers, ends with the demolition of Bentley, and his friend Wotton, by the lance of the Honourable Charles Boyle, youngest son of Roger the second Earl of Orrery, and father of the present Earl. He was a fellow of the royal society, and invented the astronomical machine called the *Orrery*. *Orrery*.

the daughter of riches †. The former of which assertions may be soon granted; but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter. For *Pride* is nearly related to *Beggary* and *Want*, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both: and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from *north* to *south*, that is to say, from *Poverty* to *Plenty*. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are *Lust* and *Avarice*; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of *Pride*, are certainly the issues of *Want*. For to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of *Dogs*, which in its original seems to be an institution of the *many*, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace, after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great *bone* to be seized on by some *leading dog*; who either divides it among the *few*, and then it falls to an *oligarchy*; or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a *tyranny*. The same reasoning also holds place among them, in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For, the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case,) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest *state of war*, of every *citizen* against every *citizen*; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize: Upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy and snarling against the *happy dog*. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same rea-

† Riches produceth pride: pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clarke. opt. edit.*—now called *Wing's sheet almanack*, and printed by J. Roberts for the company of stationers.

soning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each ; and that *Poverty* or *Want*, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case), has a great share, as well as *Pride*, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms ; and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at, for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions *somewhere or other* so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, *lying and being* upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus ; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants called the *Ancients* ; and the other was held by the *Moderns*. But these disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the *Ancients*, complaining of a great nuisance ; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the *east* ; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the *Ancients* would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summity, which the *Moderns* would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place ; or else, that the said *Ancients* will give leave to the *Moderns* to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the *Ancients* made answer, How little they expected such a message as this, from a colony whom they had admitted,

out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood: That, as to their own seat, they were *Aborigines* of it; and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand: That, if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the *Moderns*, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the *shade* and *shelter* it afforded them: That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it; if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itself: That they would therefore advise the *Moderns*, rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *Ancients*; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *Moderns*, with much indignation; who still insisted upon one of the two expedients. And so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war; maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of *ink* have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that *ink* is the great missive weapon in all battles of the *learned*, which conveyed through a sort of engine, called a *quill*, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are *gall* and *copperas*; by its bitterness and venom to *suit* in some degree, as well as to *foment*, the

genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not *agree* about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides; the beaten party being content to be at the same expence to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war); so the *learned*, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as *Disputes, Arguments, Reinders, Brief Considerations, Answers, Replies, Remarks, Reflections, Objections, Confutations*. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives*, for passengers to gaze at: From whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines, they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called *books of controversy*.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there, to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion. But I believe, it is with libraries as with other cœmeteries, where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to *dust* or to *worms*, but then vanishes or dissolves: So, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every *book*, till *dust* or *worms* have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later. And therefore *books of controversy* being of all others haunted by the most disorderly

* Their title-pages.

spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and, for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors, to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this. When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had logings appointed them: But this author was no sooner settled than he went to visit his master Aristotle; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the *divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead. But to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed; that all *polemics* of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with a most malignant spirit, from the war above-mentioned, between the *learned*, about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When those books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said upon occasions, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed; that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the *Ancient* and *Modern books* in the *King's library*. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every

body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great, to be informed in the particulars; I being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an *historian*, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent *importunity of my friends*, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The *guardian* of the *regal library*, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his *humanity* *, had been a fierce champion for the *Moderns*; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands to knock down two of the *Ancient* chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock; but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre: A quality to which those of the *Modern* party are extreme subject: for being light-headed, they have in speculation a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the *Ancients*; which he resolved to gratify, by shewing all marks of his favour to the *books* of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever *book* had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the *Ancients*, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of door. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the *books* in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of *learned dust*, which a perverse wind blew

* The Honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, says, he was refused a manuscript by the library-keeper, *pro solita humanitate sua*.

Ibid. Dr. Bentley was then library-keeper. The two ancients were Phalaris and Æsop.

off from a shelf of *Moderns* into the *keeper's* eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the *worms* out of the *schoolmen*, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his *spleen*, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his *books*, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des Cartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven wise masters; and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Mean while, those *books* that were advocates for the *Moderns*, chose out one from among them, to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of *light horse*, *heavy-armed foot*, and *mercenaries*: whereof the *foot* were, in general but forrily armed, and worse clad; their *horses* large, but extremely out of case and heart. However, some few, by trading among the *Ancients*, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, *Discord* grew extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary *Ancient*, squeezed up among a whole shelf of *Moderns*, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove, by manifest reason, that the priority was due to them, from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all, their great merits toward the *Moderns*. But these denied the premises; and seemed very much to wonder, how the *Ancients* could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain, (if they went

to that), that the *Moderns* were *much* the more *ancient* * of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the *Ancients*, they renounced them all. "It is true," said they, "we are informed some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you. But the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English), were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our *horses* were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our *cloaths* of our own cutting out and sewing." Plato was by chance upon the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their *jades* lean and foundered, their *weapons* of rotten wood, their *armour* rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and, in his pleasant way, swore, "By ———, he believed them."

Now, the *Moderns* had not proceeded in their late negotiation, with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them; and gave immediate intelligence to the *Ancients*; who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive. Upon which several of the *Moderns* fled over to their party and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple having been educated and long conversed among the *Ancients*, was of all the *Moderns* their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a

* According to the modern paradox.

large window, there dwelt a certain *spider*, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of *flies*, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the *modern* way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the *constable* himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to fall out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his *person* by *swallows* from above, or to his *palace* by *brooms* from below; when it was the pleasure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandering *bee*, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself; and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the *spider's* citadel: which yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The *spider* within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first, that *Nature* was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Mean while the *bee* had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the *spider* was adventured out; when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortrefs, he was very near at his wit's end. He stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst.

burst. At length, casting his eye upon the *bee*; and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight, "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy son of a whore. Is it you, with a vengeance; that have made this litter here? Could not you look before you, and be d—n'd? Do you think I have nothing else to do, (in the devil's name), but to mend and repair after your arse?" "Good words, friend," (said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll); "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more: I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah;" replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you will spend your substance; and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider; "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour, to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this, the *spider*, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge *on* his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond, without house or home, without stock or inheritance; born to no possession
" of

“ of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-
 “ pipe? Your livelihood is an universal plunder
 “ upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens;
 “ and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as
 “ readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic a-
 “ nimal, furnished with a native stock within my-
 “ self. This large castle (to shew my improve-
 “ ments in the mathematics) is all built with
 “ my own hands, and the materials extracted alto-
 “ gether out of my own person.”

“ I am glad,” answered the bee, “ to hear you
 “ grant at least, that I am come honestly by my
 “ wings and my voice: for then, it seems, I am
 “ obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my
 “ music; and Providence would never have be-
 “ stowed on me two such gifts, without designing
 “ them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the
 “ flowers and blossoms of the field and garden:
 “ but whatever I collect from thence, enriches
 “ myself, without the least injury to their beauty,
 “ their smell, or their taste. Now, for you, and
 “ your skill in architecture and other mathematics,
 “ I have little to say. In that building of yours,
 “ there might, for aught I know, have been la-
 “ bour and method enough; but, by woful expe-
 “ rience for us both, it is plain, the materials are
 “ naught; and I hope you will henceforth take
 “ warning, and consider duration and matter, as
 “ well as method and art. You boast indeed of
 “ being obliged to no other creature, but of draw-
 “ ing and spinning out all from yourself; that is
 “ to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the ves-
 “ sel by what issues out, you possess a good plenti-
 “ ful store of dirt and poison in your breast. And
 “ though I would by no means lessen or disparage
 “ your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt, you
 “ are somewhat obliged for an increase of both to
 “ a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion
 “ of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings,
 “ exhaled

“ exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes
 “ you with a share of poison to destroy another.
 “ So that, in short, the question comes all to this,
 “ Whether is the nobler being of the two, that
 “ which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches
 “ round, by an overweening pride, feeding and
 “ engendering on itself, turns all into excrement
 “ and venom, producing nothing at all, but fly-
 “ bane and a cobweb; or that, which, by an uni-
 “ versal range, with long search, much study, true
 “ judgement, and distinction of things, brings
 “ home honey and wax?”

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour and warmth, that the two parties of *books* in arms below stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue. Which was not long undetermined: for the *bee*, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the *spider* like an orator *collected* in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that *Æsop* broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the *regent's* *humanity*, who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of *Moderns* *; where soon discovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an *ass*, the *regent* mistook him for a *Modern*; by which means, he had time and opportunity to escape to the *Ancients*, just when the *spider* and the *bee* were entering into their contest: to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that, in all his life, he had never known two cases so pa-

* Bentley, who denied the antiquity of *Æsop*. See note, p. 174.
 rallel

parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. "The disputants," said he, "have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the *bee* has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the conclusion full plain and close upon the *Moderns* and *us*. For, pray Gentlemen, was ever any thing so *modern* as the *spider*, in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of *you* his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock. and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this, the *bee*, as an advocate retained by us the *Ancients*, thinks fit to answer, That if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the *Moderns*, by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own intrails, (the guts of *modern* brains,) the edifice will conclude at last in a *cobweb*; the duration of which, like that of other *spiders* webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For any thing else of genuine that the *Moderns* may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the *spider's* poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the

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“ same arts, by feeding upon the *insects* and *ver-*
 “ *min* of the age. As for us the *Ancients*, we are
 “ content, with the *bee*, to pretend to nothing of
 “ our own, beyond our *wings* and our *voice*; that
 “ is to say, our *flights* and our *language*. For the
 “ rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite
 “ labour and search, and ranging through every
 “ corner of Nature. The difference is, that, in-
 “ stead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen
 “ to fill our hives with *honey* and *wax*; thus fur-
 “ nishing mankind with the two noblest of things,
 “ which are, *sweetness* and *light*.”

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the *books*, upon the close of this long descant of *Æsop*. Both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The *Moderns* were in very warm debates upon the choice of their *leaders*: and nothing less than the fear impending from the enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the *horse*, where every private *trooper* pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton, to Dryden and WITHERS. The *light horse* were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux*. There came the *bowmen* under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the *atmosphere*, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into *meteors*, or, like the *canon-ball*, into *stars*. Paracelsus brought a *squadron* of *stink-pot-flingers*, from the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vast body of *dragoons* of

* More commonly known by the name of *Foileux*.

different nations, under the leading of Harvey, their great *Aga* †; part armed with *scythes*, the weapons of death; part with *lances* and long *knives*, all steeped in *poison*; part shot *bullets* of a most malignant nature, and used *white powder*, which infallibly killed without *report*. There came several bodies of *heavy-armed foot*, all *mercenaries*, under the ensigns of Guicciardine, Davila, Polydore, Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The *engineers* were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of *calones* *, a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without *coats* to cover them †.

The army of the *Ancients* was much fewer in number. Homer led the *horse*, and Pindar the *light horse*; Euclid was chief *engineer*; Plato and Aristotle commanded the *bowmen*; Herodotus and Livy the *foot*; Hippocrates the *dragoons*; the *allies* led by Vossius, and Temple brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the *regal library*, fled up strait to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two

† Dr. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the Moderns, and excepted against as false by Sir William Temple, in his essay, p. 44. 45.

* *Calones*. By calling this disorderly rout *calones*, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scriblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work. They are styled *calones*, because they are the meanest and most despicable of all writers, as the *calones*, whether be onging to the army or private families, were the meanest of all slaves or servants whatsoever.

† These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.

parties below; for among the Gods she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the *Milky Way*. The senate assembled: he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of *Ancient* and *Modern* creatures, called *books*, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the *Moderns*, made an excellent speech in their favour; which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the *Ancients*. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury, three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver, double gilt; the covers of celestial turkey-leather, and the paper such as here on earth might almost pass for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter. These are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe. And yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a long hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men, *Accidents* or *Events*; but the gods call them *Second Causes*. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while, Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the *Moderns*, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called *Criticism*. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla. There Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat *Ignorance*, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, *Pride*, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was *Opinion*, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong; yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noise* and *Impudence*, *Dulness* and *Vanity*, *Positiveness*, *Pedantry*, and *Ill-manners*. The goddess herself had claws like a cat, her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an *ass*; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own *gall*; her *spleen* was so large, as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate; nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. “Goddeſs,” ſaid Momus, “can you ſit idly here, while our devout worſhippers, the *Moderns*, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the ſwords of their enemies? Who then hereafter will ever ſacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haſte therefore to the *Britiſh iſle*, and, if poſſible, prevent their deſtruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.”

Momus having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage; and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy.

“ It is I,” (said she) who give wisdom to infants
 “ and idiots; by me children grow wiser than
 “ their parents; by me *beaux* become politicians,
 “ and *school-boys* judges of philosophy; by me so-
 “ phisters debate, and conclude upon the depths
 “ of knowledge; and coffeehouse wits, instinct by
 “ me, can correct an author’s style, and display
 “ his minutest errors, without understanding a syl-
 “ lable of his matter or his language; by me strip-
 “ plings spend their judgement, as they do their e-
 “ state, before it comes into their hands. It is I
 “ who have deposed Wit and Knowledge from
 “ their empire over *Poetry*, and advanced myself
 “ in their stead. And shall a few *upstart Ancients*
 “ dare oppose me? — But come, my aged pa-
 “ rents, and you my children dear, and thou, my
 “ beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and
 “ haste to assist our devout *Moderns*, who are now
 “ sacrificing to us a *hecatomb*, as I perceive by that
 “ grateful smell, which from thence reaches my
 “ nostrils.”

The goddess and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by *tame geese*, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain. But, in hovering over its *metropolis*, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-garden *? And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James’s library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now deserted, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuoso’s*, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast. For,

* See the notes, p. 51.

at the head of a troop of *Modern boumen*, she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton; to whom the Fates had assigned a very short thread; Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children; and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an *ostavo* compass. Her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice or decoction of gall and foot, in form of letters; her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In this guise, she marched on towards the *Moderns*, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the *divine Bentley*, Wotton's dearest friend. "Brave Wotton," said the goddess, "Why do our troops stand idle here, " to spend their present vigour, and opportunity " of this day? Away, let us haste to the generals, " and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth; which flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, *Dulness* and *Ill-manners*, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accounted him, she vanished in a mist; and the *hero* perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to
make

make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle, Paracelsus, at the head of his *dragoons*, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force; which the brave *Ancient* received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold.

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*Hic pauca
defunt.*

They bore the wounded *Agas* † on their shields to his chariot.

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*Defunt
nonnulla.*

Then Aristotle observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow; which missed the valiant *Modern*, and went hissing over his head. But Des Cartes it hit; The steel point quickly found a *defect* in his *head-piece*; it pierced the leather and pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant *bowman* round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own *vortex*.

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*Ingens hiatus
hic in MS.*

when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry,

† Dr. Harvey. See the note, p. 181. It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate that he was wounded. Other moderns are spared by the hiatus that follows, probably for similar reasons.

mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach. He rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert * advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled Homer of his armour *; madman, who had never once *seen* the wearer, nor understood his strength! Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear, he slew Denham, a stout *Modern*; who, from his father's side, derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race †. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Wesley ‡, with a kick of his horse's heel. He took Perault, by mighty force, out of his saddle; then hurled him at Fontenelle; with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared, in shining armour, completely fitted to his body. He was mounted on dapple-grey steed, the swiftness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour; when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a

* An heroic poem by Sir William Davenant, in stanzas of four lines.

* Vide Homer.

† Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; so that his detractors said, he was not the real author of *Cooper's Hill*.

‡ Mr. Wesley, who wrote the *Life of Christ* in verse, &c.

monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadron; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot; which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance; when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within; which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave *Ancient* suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together; for the helmet was nine times too large for the head; which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern periwig; And the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, smoothed up the good *Ancient*, called him *Father*; and, by a large deduction of genealogies made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented, (for the goddess *Diffidence* came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes,) though his was of gold, and cost a hundred beeves *, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the *Modern* yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.

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Alter hiatus in MS.

Lucan appeared upon

* Vid. Homer.

a fiery horse, of admirable shape, but head-strong, bearing the rider where he list, over the field. He made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous *Modern*, (but one of the *mercenaries*,) strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point †. "Brave *Modern*," said Lucan, "I perceive some god protects you; for never did my arm so deceive me before. But what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other." Lucan then bestowed *the Modern a pair of spurs*, and Blackmore gave Lucan a *bridle*.

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Pauca desunt.

Creech: But the goddesses *Dullness* took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby; by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar flew —, and —, and Oldham, and —, and Afra the Amazon*, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's *light horse*. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce *Ancient*, imitating his address, his pace and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill would

† His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a poet.
 * Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems.
 allow.

allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins; first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen *cavaliers*, as *cavaliers* are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went, by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the *Modern* have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus †. And now both heroes drew their swords. But the *Modern* was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropt from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape. At last he turned, and, lifting up his hands in the posture of a suppliant, "Godlike Pindar," said he, "spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, besides the ransom which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner." "Dog," said Pindar, "let your ransom stay with your friends: But your carcase shall be left for the *fowls of the air*, and the *beasts of the field*." With that, he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched *Modern* in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses feet, the other half was borne by the frightened steed through the field. This Venus took *, washed it seven times in *ambrosia*; then struck it thrice with a sprig of *amaranth*; upon

† His poem called the *Mistress*.

* I do not approve the author's judgment in this; for I think Cowley's Pindarics are much preferable to his *Mistress*.

It may however be considered that Cowley's Pindarics were but copies, of which Pindar was the original. Before Pindar, therefore, his Pindarics might fall; and his *Mistress* be preserved, as properly his own.

which

which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers; and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a *dove*, and she harnessed it to her chariot. * * *

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Hiatus valde deflendus in MS.

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the *Moderns* half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their *heavy-armed foot* †; a captain, whose name was *Bentley*; the most deformed of all the *Moderns*; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it as he marched was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an *Etesian* wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron; but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail ‡, and (that he might never be unprovided of an *offensive* weapon) a vessel full of *ordure* in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace, where the *Modern* chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and hump shoulder, which his

† The episode of Bentley and Wotton.

As the account of the battle of the books is an allegorical representation of Sir William Temple's essay, in which the Ancients are opposed to the Moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an episode, and their intrusion represented as an under action.

‡ The person here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.

boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause; but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley, griev'd to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the *Modern* generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of *rogues*, and *fools*, and *sons of whores*, and *d—n'd cowards*, and *confounded logger-heads* and *illiterate whelps*, and *nonsensical scoundrels*; that if himself had been constituted general, those *presumptuous dogs* * the *Ancients*, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. "You," said he, "sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant *Modern*, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess." Bently having spoken thus, Scaliger bestowing him a four look, "Miscreant prater," said he, "eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy *learning* makes thee more *barbarous*; thy study of *humanity* more *inhuman*; thy converse among poets, more *grovelling*, *miry*, and *dull*. All arts of *civilizing* others, render thee *rude* and *untractable*; *courts* have taught thee *ill manners*, and polite conversation has finished thee a *pedant*. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my

* Vid. Homer. de Therfite,

“ word, whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly
 “ be thy own ; though, I hope, that vile carcase
 ‘ will first become a prey to kites and worms.”

Bentley durst not reply ; but half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton ; resolving, by policy or surprize, to attempt some neglected quarter of the *Ancients* army. They began their march over carcases of their slaughtered friends ; then to the right of their own forces ; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus’s tomb ; which they passed on the side of declining sun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy’s out-guards ; looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the rest. As when two *mongrel curs*, whom *native greediness* and *domestic want*, provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier ; they, with tails depressed, and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow : mean while, the conscious *moon*, now in her *zenith*, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays ; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct ; but one surveys the region round, while t’other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some *carcase* half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens ; so marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection ; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley. On he went, and in his van *Confusion* and *Amaze*, while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the rear. As he came near,

behold two heroes of the *Ancients* army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep. Bentley would fain have dispatched them both; and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess *Affright* interposing, caught the *Modern* in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping and busy in a dream. * For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile *poetaster* had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his *bull*. And Æsop dreamed, that as he and the *Ancient chiefs* were lying on the ground, a *wild ass* broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. Bentley leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He, in the mean time, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small *rivulet*, that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, *Helicon*. Here he stopped, and parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast; but ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his *shield* betwixt the *Modern* and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but *mud*. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of *Helicon*, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of *slime* and *mud*; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all, not to *draw too deep, or far from the spring*.

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

At the fountain-head, Wotton discerned two heroes. The one he could not distinguish; but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the *Ancients*. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton, observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself. "Oh, that I could kill this destroyer of our army! What renown should I purchase among the chiefs? But to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance †, what *Modern* of us dare? For he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, Oh, *mother*! if what Fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils." The first part of this prayer the gods granted, at the intercession of his *mother*, and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from *Fate*, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddess, his *mother*, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted *Ancient*; upon which lightly grazing it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall. And Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having emitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a Javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of —, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Tem-

† Vid. Homer.

ple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant *Modern* that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been *given him by all the gods* *, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby Desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a *wild ass*, with brayings importune affronts his ear; the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise; which *Echo*, foolish nymph, like her *ill-judging sex*, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-ear'd animal: so Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping *Ancients*. Boyle observed him well; and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris his friend, both which he had lately, with his own hands, new polished and gilt; rage sparkled in his eyes; and leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways. And as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning *; if chance her *geese* be scat-

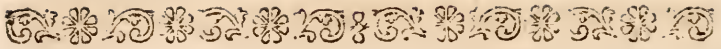
* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by Dean Aldrich, Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the *Christchurch wits*.

* This is also after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.

Vid. Homer.

tered o'er the common, the courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign: so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in *phalanx*. First, Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast. But Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of *lead*; which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and as this pair of friends compacted, stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach; and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body; in went the point passing through arm and side: nor stopt or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton; who going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of *woodcocks*, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to their ribs: so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over the Styx for half his fare. Farewel, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And now,	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	<i>Desunt cetera.</i>		



A DISCOURSE concerning the MECHANICAL OPERATION of the SPIRIT.


In a LETTER to a FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.



The BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following discourse came into my hands perfect and entire. But there being several things in it which the present age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some years, resolving it should never see the light,. At length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious friend, I retrenched those parts that might give most offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author, I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing pieces; the original having been sent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine; to whose judgment I entirely submit it.



 A DISCOURSE concerning the MECHANICAL
 OPERATION of the SPIRIT *.

For T. H. Esq; † at his chambers in the academy of
 the Beaux-esprits in New England.

SIR,

IT is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be inform'd in. For, to tell you a secret, I am able to *contain* it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time, to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end, I have been three days coursing through Westminster-hall, and St. Paul's church-yard, and Fleet-street, to peruse *titles*; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue, as that of *A letter to a friend*. Nothing is more

* This discourse is not altogether equal to the former, the best parts of it being omitted. Whether the bookseller's account be true, that he durst not print the rest, I know not: nor indeed is it easy to determine, whether he may be relied on in any thing he says of this, or the former treatises, only as to the time they were writ in: which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves, than his relation.

This discourse is a satire against enthusiasm, and those affected inspirations, which constantly begin in folly, and very often end in vice. In this treatise, the author hath revelled in too licentious a vein of sarcasm: many of his ideas are nauseous, some are indecent, and others have an irreligious tendency. Nor is the piece itself equal in wit and humour, either to *The Tale of a Tub*, or *The Battle of the Books*. I should constantly chuse rather to praise than to arraign any part of Swift's writings: but in those tracts where he tries to make us uneasy with ourselves, and unhappy in our present existence, there I must yield him up entirely to censure. *Orrery*.

† Supposed to be Col. Hunter.

common than to meet with long epistles addressed to persons and places; where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as, *a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect stranger, or a person of quality in the clouds*; and these upon subjects, in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the post; as, *long schemes in philosophy, dark and wonderful mysteries of state, laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy, advice to parliaments, and the like.*

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in present wear: (for, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this *letter*, as soon as ever it comes to your hand): I desire you will be my witness to the world, how careless and sudden a scribble it has been; that it was but yesterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste, I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style; and if any other modern excuses, for haste and negligence, shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the *Iroquois virtuosi*, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body; and assure them, I shall send an account of those *phenomena*, as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the *literati* of Tobinambou these three last ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having dispatched what I had to say of forms, or of business, let me intreat you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject; and to pardon me, if I make no further use of the epistolary style, till I come to conclude.



S E C T. I.

IT is recorded of Mahomet, that, upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans: but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his *ass*. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great number of devout *Christians*; and doubtless with very good reason. For since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the *Christian* faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease; yet there are abundance of us, who will not be satisfied with any other machine, besides this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: and therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of common-place; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my *memorandums* before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent, of bearing his rider to heaven, has been recorded

corded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For towards the operation already mentioned, many peculiar properties are required, both in the *rider* and the *afs*; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means, to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the *letter* as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in such a manner, that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications, as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from hence forward, instead of the term *afs*, we shall make use of *gifted*, or *enlightened teacher*; and the word *rider*, we will exchange for that of *fanatic auditory*, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us is, to examine by what methods this *teacher* arrives at his *gifts*, or *spirit*, or *light*; and by what intercourse between him and his assembly it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person; but to calculate them for universal nature, and mankind in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition: for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a *fanatic* strain, or tincture of *enthusiasm*; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able

to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history; as will soon appear to those who know any thing of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to assign one art or science, which has not annexed to it some *fanatic* branch: such are the *philosopher's stone*, the *grand elixir**, the *planetary worlds*, the *squaring of the circle*, the *summum bonum*, *Utopian commonwealths*, with some others of less or subordinate note; which all serve for nothing else but to employ or amuse this grain of *enthusiasm*, dealt into every composition.

But if this plant has found a root in the fields of *Empire* and of *Knowledge*, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther upon *holy ground*: wherein, tho' it hath passed under the general name of *enthusiasm*, and perhaps arisen from the same original; yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptation, may be defined, *A lifting up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter*. This description will hold good in general: but I am only to understand it as applied to *religion*; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is, the immediate act of God, and is called *prophacy* or *inspiration*. The second is, the immediate act of the devil, and is termed *possession*. The third is, the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry. But the fourth method of *religious enthusiasm*, or lanching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of *artifice* and *mechanic operation*, has been sparingly

* Some writers hold them for the same, others not.

handled, or not at all, by any writer; because though it is an art of great antiquity, yet, having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements, which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this *mechanical operation of the spirit*: that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our *British workmen*. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this *trade*; producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said, that there is one branch of *religious enthusiasm*, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions, more than others. Besides, there is many an operation, which in its original, was purely an artifice; but, through a long succession of ages, hath grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us, that, among our ancestors the Scythians, there was a nation called *Longheads* *, which at first began by a custom among midwives and nurses, of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means, nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and, finding room above, shot upwards in the form of a sugar-loaf; and being diverted that way, for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian *Longheads*; and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which there is something very analagous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that

* Macrocephali.

refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there arose a generation of men in this island, called *Round-heads* *, whose race is now spread over three kingdoms; yet, in its beginning, was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort; which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that Nature at last took the hint, and did it of herself; so that a *Round-head* has been ever since as familiar a sight among us, as a *Long-head* among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from *art* into *nature*, and one that is natural from its beginning; secondly, between an effect wholly naturally, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For the first and the last of these, I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed in general upon the following fundamental, That “the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit;” because the senses in men are so many avenues to the fort of *reason*, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the *senses*, or else to juggle

* The Fanatics, in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, *Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair*, cut their very short. It is said, that the Queen, once seeing Pym, a celebrated Patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that *round-headed* man was; and that, from this incident, the distinction became general, and the party were called *Round heads*.

them out of their stations; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the *spirit* enters, and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses upon such conjunctures, are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites, wherein the *profane* must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed. For it is positively denied by certain critics, that the *spirit* can by any means be introduced into an assembly of modern saints; the disparity being so great, in many material circumstances, between the primitive way of inspiration, and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the 2d chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, first, that *the apostles were gathered together with one accord in one place*; by which is meant an universal agreement in opinion and form of worship; a harmony, say they, so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, The *spirit* instructed the apostles in the gift of speaking several languages; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words, or phrases, in their own, Lastly, say these objectors, The modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the *spirit*, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themselves so close, and so industriously a-top. For they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the *cloven tongues* never sat upon the apostles heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of these objections seems to consist

fiſt in the different acceptation of the word *ſpirit*; which if it be underſtood for a ſupernatural aſſiſtance, approaching from without, the objectors have reaſon, and their aſſertions may be allowed: but the *ſpirit*, we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of theſe adverſaries is wholly eluded. And, upon the ſame account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of abſolute neceſſity, to cover their heads as cloſe as they can, in order to prevent perſpiration; than which nothing is obſerved to be a greater ſpender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther ſhew in convenient place.

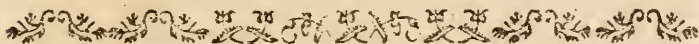
To proceed therefore upon the *phænomenon* of *ſpiritual mechanifm*, it is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the *ſpirit*, the aſſembly has a conſiderable ſhare, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows. They violently ſtrain their eye-balls inward, half cloſing the lids; then, as they fit, they are in a perpetual motion of *ſee-ſaw*, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the ſound at equal height; chuſing their time in thoſe intermiſſions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it ſo ſingular and improbable, as not to be traced in diſtant regions, from reading and obſervation. For, firſt the Jauguis *, or enlightened ſaints of India, ſee all their viſions by help of an acquired ſtraining and preſſure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of *ſee-ſaw* on a beam, and ſwinging by ſeſſion upon a cord, in order to raiſe artificial ecſtaſies, hath been derived to us from our Scythian anceſtors†, where it is practiſed at this day among the women. Laſtly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a conſiderable improvement; and it is

* Bérnier, mem. de Mogol.

† Guagnini hiſt. Sarmat.

granted, that this noble nation hath of all others admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is usual for a knot of Irish, men and women, to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco handed round the company; each preserving the smoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh. At the same time there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct, as occasion requires; and they move their bodies up and down to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may observe their eyes turned up in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded; that imagination hath usurped the seat, scattering a thousands deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the *spirit* approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing; but, after a short pause, a small glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed, and flustered, like one who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while, the preacher is also at work; he begins a loud hum, which pierces you quite through: This is immediately returned by the audience; and you find yourself prompted to imitate them, by a mere spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pause, under which the *spirit* would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the *spirit*, with relation to that part which is borne by the *assembly*; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.



S E C T. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion between the wild Indians and us, lies in this; that we worship *God*, and they worship the *devil*. But there are certain critics, who will by no means admit of this distinction; rather believing, that all nations whatsoever adore the *true God*, because they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power, of greatest *goodness*, and *ability* to help them; which perhaps will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the divinity. Others again inform us, that those idolaters adore two *principles*; the *principle of good*, and that of *evil*: which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea hath been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftner upon their knees by their *fears*, and we by our *desires*; that the former set them a *praying*, and us a *curfing*. What I applaud them for, is their discretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several

veral districts; nor ever suffering the liturgy of the *white* god, to cross or to interfere with that of the *black*. Not so with us; who, pretending, by the lines and measures of our reason, to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their Divinity to the *cœlum empyreum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments as themselves seem most to value and possess; after they have sunk their *principle* of *evil* to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any *rake-hell* of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and saucer eyes; I laugh aloud to see these reasoners at the same time engaged in wise dispute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; seriously debating, whether such and such influences come into mens minds from above or below, whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good.

*Dum fas atque nefas exiguo sine libidinum
Discernunt avidi —*

Thus do men establish a fellowship of *Christ* with *Belial*, and such is the analogy they make between *cloven tongues* and *cloven feet*. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us. It hath continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastic preachers were *possession* or *inspiration*; and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For I think it is in *life* as in *tragedy*, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance

assistance of preternatural power, without an absolute and last necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity, for every individual to imagine the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose to help him by the hand; if he hath knocked his head against a post, it was the devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little poultry mortal droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either heaven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about? Therefore I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear, that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a *trade*, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducing the whole process of the operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

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Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it.

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Here it may not be amiss to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing *quilted caps*; which is not a matter of mere custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use. These, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration; and, by reverberating

berating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife, that covers a still with a wet clout for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For it is the opinion of choice *virtuosi*, that the brain is only a croud of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of *Hobbes's Leviathan*, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal: That all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals, upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence; whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also, that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little commonwealth is very subject, from the climate it lies under: Farther, that nothing less than a violent heat can disintangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth: That if the morsure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence; if the bite hath been conical, the person whose nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon politics; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is best governed, towards the composition and improvement of the *spirit*; for without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses intirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pain for new supplie

supplies without success For it is to be understood, that, in the language of the spirit, *cant* and *droning* supply the place of *sense* and *reason*, in the language of men; because in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words according to the art of grammar hath not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet *composer*, who, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it *nonsense*, before he can make it *music*. For this reason it hath been held by some, that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection, when managed by *ignorance*; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an *ass*. And the profounder critics upon that passage are of opinion, the word in its genuine signification, means no other than a *jaw-bone*; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*. But in so nice a case, I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to *pick* from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient towards the art of canting, is a competent share of *inward light*; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables, and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested by those methods and mechanical operations already related; the bearers of this *light* resembling *lanterns*, compact of leaves from old Geneva Bibles; which invention, Sir Humphry Edwin, during his mayoralty. of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, *Thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths*.

Now, the art of *canting* consists in skilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience with its

its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeable to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus, it is frequent for a single *vowel* to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of saints, to sob to the music of one solitary *liquid*. But these are trifles, when even sounds inarticulate, are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master-workman shall *blow his nose so powerfully*, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are disposed to receive the *excrements* of his brain, with the same reverence as the *issue* of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other mens rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For, the *spirit* being the same in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty, to draw the principles of this famous art within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of *canting, philosophically, physical'y, and musically considered*.

But, among all improvements of the *spirit* wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of *conveying the sound through the nose*, which, under the denomination of *snuffling**, hath passed with so great applause in the world. The original's of this institution are very dark; but having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

* The *snuffing* of men, who have lost their noses by lewd courses, is said to have given rise to that tone, which our dissenters did too much affect. *W. Wotton.*

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and hath flourished in this island ever since, with great lustre. All agree, that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of *bagpipes*, which, having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the *brethren*, tottered for a time, and at last fell with *monarchy*. The story is thus related.

As yet *snuffling* was not; when the following adventure happened to a *Banbury saint*. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the *wicked*, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward: An effect very usual among the modern inspired. For some think, that the *spirit* is apt to feed on the *flesh*, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at *leap-frog* between both; and sometimes the *flesh* is uppermost, and sometimes the *spirit*; adding, that the former, while it is in the state of *rider*, wears huge Rippon spurs, and, when it comes to the turn of being *bearer*, is wonderfully head-strong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the *saint* felt his *vessel* full extended in every part, (a very natural effect of strong *inspiration*); and the place and time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the *flesh* so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all *before*. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head: and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges

to prevent pursuit ; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the *rod* of Hermes, to the upper region, there fortifying itself ; but, finding the foe making attacks at the *nose*, broke down the *bridge*, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there is in human noses an *idiosyncrasy*, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flagellet is made by the *stops*. By this method, the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the *snuffle* of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears ; whereof the faint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success in the operation of the *spirit* : For, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox, unless it were delivered through the nose. Straight, every pastor copied after this original ; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it. So that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the *saints* owe their empire to the *snuffling* of one *animal*, as Darius * did his to the *neighing* of another ; and both stratagemns were performed by the same art ; for we read how the *Persian beast* acquired his faculty by *covering a mare* the day before.

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, That there is, in the commonwealth of *artificial enthusiasm*, some real foundation for art to work upon in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance of some choice professors, though

* Herodot.

in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is *without*; as lanterns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more foot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some ancient oracle, and your understanding will be *equally* informed. Upon these, and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural *spirit* possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the *heat* of zeal, working upon the *dregs* of ignorance, as other *spirits* are produced from *lees* by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of *Fanaticism* from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the *spirit*.

The most early traces we meet with of *Fanatics* in ancient story, are among the Egyptians, who instituted those rites known in Greece by the names of *Orgia*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionysia*; whether introduced there by Orpheus or Melampus, we shall not dispute at present, nor, in all likelihood, at any time for the future. These feasts were celebrated to the honour of *Osiris*, whom the Grecians called

Dionysus, and is the same with *Bacchus* *. Which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine, that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine. But this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too *literal* an understanding; and, because antiquity is to be traced *backwards*, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of *conjuring*. These are the men who pretend to understand a book by scouting through the *index*: as if a traveller should go about to describe a *palace*, when he had seen nothing but the *privy*; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny by peeping into his *breech*. For, at the time of instituting these mysteries, † there was not one vine in all Egypt, the natives drinking nothing but *ale*; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress, not only to the Egyptian *Osiris* ‡, but to the Grecian *Bacchus*; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, *Bacchus* himself was very seldom or never drunk: For it is recorded of him, that he was the first inventor of the *mitre* ||; which he wore continually on his head, (as the whole company of *Bacchanals* did), to prevent vapours and the *head-ach* after hard drinking. And for this reason, say some, the *scarlet whore*, when she makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, though she never balks the glass in her turn,

* *Died. Sic. l. 1. Plut. de Iside et Osiride.*

† *Herod. l. 2.*

‡ *Died. Sic. l. 1. & 2.*

|| *Id. l. 4.*

being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her *triple mitre*. Now, these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the Bacchanalian ceremonies *, were so many types and symbols: From which account it is manifest, that the Fanatic rites of these Bacchanals cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries: For, in the first place, there was in their processions, an entire *mixture and confusion of sexes*; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts: Their garlands were of *ivy* and *vine*, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of *fir*, the parent of *turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *satyrs*, were attended by *goats*, and rode upon *asses*, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns, certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitilis*, with its *appurtenances*; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stripped of all its types *, was performed *in puris naturalibus*; the votaries not flying in covies, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries; who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to *communicate his orgies* † to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had *castrated* himself upon grief, for the loss of his wife.

* See the particulars in Diod. Sic. l. 1. 1. & 3.

* Dionisia Brauronio.

† Vid, Photium, in excerptis è Conone.

Omitting many others of less note, the next *Fanatics* we meet with of any eminence, were the numerous sects of *heretics*, appearing in the five first centuries of the *Christian æra*, from Simon Magus and his followers, to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from infinite reading; and comparing them with those of their successors in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularity of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildest ravings; so there is one fundamental point, wherein they are sure to meet, as lines in a centre, and that is, the *community of women*. Great were their sollicitudes in this matter; and they never failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last *fanatics* of note, were those which started up in Germany, a little after the *reformation* of Luther; springing, as *mushrooms* do at the *end of a harvest*. Such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others; whose visions and revelations always terminated in *leading about half a dozen sisters a-piece*, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For human life is a continual navigation; and if we expect our *vessels* to pass with safety, through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world; it is necessary to make a good provision of the *flesh*, as seamen lay in store of *beef* for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the *Fanatics* in all ages, (having omitted the *Mahometans* and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about); to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the *family of love*, *sweet singers of Israel*, and the like; and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines, about *women*, wherein
they

they have so unanimously agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the seed or principle which has ever put men upon *visions* in things *invisible*, is of a corporeal nature. For the profounder chymists inform us, that the strongest *spirits* may be extracted from *human flesh*. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below: And thus the *thorn in the flesh*, serves for a *spur* to the *spirit*. I think it is agreed among physicians, that nothing affects the head so much, as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me, that when the Quakers first appeared, he seldom was without some female patients among them, for the *furor*—Persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others, the most amorous. For *zeal* is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling*; an artificial form of canting and whining, by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug, or a hum; a sigh, or a groan; the style compact of insignificant words, incoherences, and repetitions. These I take to be the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity, than by the *saints*? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that in the height and *orgasmus* of their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them * * * * *; immediately after which, they found the *spirit* to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced

forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be farther strengthened, by observing with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though never so contemptible in their *outward mien*; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think, the sex hath certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings, than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time, let go its hold, and fall into *matter*. Lovers, for the sake of celestial converse, are but another sort of Platonics, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same *pit* is provided for both. And they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the *constellations*, found himself seduced by his *lower parts* into a *ditch*.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude,

*Pray burn this
letter as soon
as it comes to
your hands.*

S I R,

Yours, &c.



An ARGUMENT to prove, that the abolishing of CHRISTIANITY in England, may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniencies, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby*.

Written in the year 1708.

I AM very sensible, what a weakness and presumption it is, to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was with great justice, and a due regard to the freedom, both of the public and the press, forbidden, upon severe penalties, to write, or discourse,

* "The argument against abolishing Christianity," is carried on with the highest wit and humour. Graver divines threaten their readers with future punishments: Swift artfully exhibits a picture of present shame. He judged rightly in imagining, that a small treatise written with a spirit of mirth and freedom, must be more efficacious, than long sermons, or laborious lessons of morality. He endeavours to laugh us into religion; well knowing, that we are often laughed out of it. *Errery.*

The Argument, &c. is the most delicate, refined, complete, unvaried piece of irony, from the beginning to the end, that ever was written since the creation of the world. And without dispute, if in the works of man there can be supposed any such thing as real perfection, we must allow it to consist in those amazing productions of wit and humour, which in all probability can never be excelled by any effort of genius, and beyond which it is impossible to frame any critical or distinct idea of the human faculties,——With what egregious contempt and ridicule doth he, in this piece, expose the absurdity of those wretches, who are the patrons and abettors of vice and irreligion? *Swift.*

or lay wagers against the *union*, even before it was confirmed by parliament; because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people; which, besides the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law, that makes this majority of opinion, the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point; as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature; but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the Attorney-General, I should still confess, that, in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox, even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure: therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority, which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe, how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age. I have heard it affirmed for certain, by some very old people, that the contrary opinion was, even in their memories, as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity, would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defence.

Therefore I freely own, that all appearances are against me. The system of the gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded;

exploded; and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions, like fashions, always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped, and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken; and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between nominal and real *Trinitarians*. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon mens belief and actions. To offer at the restoring of that, would indeed be a wild project: It would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit, and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences, with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts: and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans, all in a body, to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore, I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary, (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of cavilling;) since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot

not (with submission) apprehend, nor is the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity; I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to shew, what inconveniencies may possibly happen, by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

First, One great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, That it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Protestant religion; which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature; as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported, that two young gentlemen, of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgement, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery, that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke *only for blasphemy*. And, as it hath been wisely observed, if persecution once begins no man alive knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgements, I think this rather shews the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and, if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will *speack evil of dignities*, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which, I am sure, few will deny to be of much more pernicious

consequence ; according to the saying of Tiberius, *Deorum offensa diis curæ*. As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance ; perhaps another cannot be produced ; yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy, we know, is freely spoken a million of times in every coffeehouse and tavern, or wherever else *good company* meet. It must be allowed indeed, that to break an English free-born officer only for blasphemy, was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the General. Perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy, may, some time or other, proceed so far as to raise a mutiny ; the consequence is by no means to be admitted : For surely the commander of an English army is like to be but ill obeyed, whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

It is further objected against the gospel-system, That it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for freethinkers, and such who have shaken off the prejudices that usually cling to a confined education. To which I answer, That men should be cautious how they raise objections, which reflect upon the wisdom of the nation. Is not every body freely allowed to believe whatever he pleaseth, and to publish his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, especially if it serves to strengthen the party which is in the right ? Would any indifferent foreigner, who should read the trumpery lately written by Afsil, Tindal, Toland, Coward *, and

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forty

* Afsil wrote an argument to prove, that man may be translated from hence into eternal life, without passing through death.

forty more, imagine the gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes, one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score; or does he find his want of *nominal* faith a disadvantage to him, in the pursuit of any civil or military employment? What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him? Are they not now obsolete, to a degree, that Empson and Dudley themselves, if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

It is likewise urged, That there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons; whose revenues, added to those of my Lords the Bishops, would suffice to maintain, at least, two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and free-thinking; enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices; who might be an ornament to the court and town: and then again, so great a number of able [bodied] divines, might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This, indeed, appears to be a consideration of some weight. But then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: As, first, whether it may not be thought necessary, that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there should be *one* man, at least, of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the church throughout this island, would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living; that is, to allow each of them such a rent, as, in the modern form of

To and published some deistical books.

Tindal's writings were blasphemous and atheistical.

Coward asserted the mortality of the soul, and alledged the seat of it to be in the blood.

speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray, what will become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to, beside the scrophulous consumptive productions, furnished by our men of wit and pleasure; when, having squandered away their vigour, health, and estates, they are forced, by some disagreeable marriage, to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity? Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced, by the wise regulations of Henry VIII. to the necessity of a low diet, and moderate exercise, who are the only great restorers of our breed; without which, the nation would, in an age or two, become one great hospital.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public, of so many stately structures, now in the hands of the clergy; which might be converted into play-houses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there hath been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday; and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice. But how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home, instead of the *chocolate-house*? Are not the *taverns* and *coffeehouses* open? Can there be a more convenient season for taking

a dose of physic? Are fewer claps got upon Sundays than other days? Is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week; and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended, that the churches are misapplied? Where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniencies or incitements to sleep?

There is one advantage, greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, That it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of *High and Low Church*, of *Whig and Tory*, *Presbyterian and Church of England*; which are now so many grievous clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to dispose men to prefer the gratifying themselves, or depressing their adversaries, before the most important interest of the state.

I confess, if it were certain, that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit, and be silent. But will any man say, that if the words *whoring, drinking, cheating, lying, stealing*, were, by act of parliament, ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or, if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words *pox, gout, rheumatism*, and *stone*, would that expedient serve, like so many *talismans*, to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in mens hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? And is our language so poor, that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are envy, pride, avarice, and
ambition,

ambition, such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not *Heydukes* and *Mamalukes*, *Mandarines* and *Patschaws*, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry, from others who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech; and, instead of the word *church*, make it a question in politics, whether the *monument* be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren, we can find no other? Suppose, for argument's sake, that the *Tories* favoured *Margarita*, the *Whigs* Mrs. Tofts, and the *Trimmers* *Valentini* *; would not *Margaritians*, *Toftians*, and *Valentinians*, be very tolerable marks of distinction? The *Prasini* and *Veniti*, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbands: and we might contend, with as good a grace, about the dignity of the *blue* and the *green*; which would serve as properly to divide the court, the parliament, and the kingdom between them, as any terms of art whatsoever borrowed from religion. And therefore I think there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd ridiculous custom, That a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven, against the lawfulness of those methods most in use towards the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy so refined an age as ours.

* Italian singers then in vogue. Marguarita was afterwards married to Dr. Pepusche.

Let us argue this matter calmly. I appeal to the breast of any polite freethinker, whether, in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he hath not always felt a wonderful incitement, by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation hath taken special care, that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished, that some other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which, for want of such expedients, begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

It is likewise proposed, as a great advantage to the public, That if we once discard the system of the gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever; and consequently, along with it, those grievous prejudices of education; which, under the names of *virtue, conscience, honour, justice*, and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds; and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated by right reason or freethinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here, first, I observe how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase, which the world is once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it be entirely taken away. For several years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep-thinkers of the age would, some way or other, contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain are said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God, or a future state, heaven, hell, and the like: and there might formerly, perhaps, have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care hath been since taken to remove those prejudices, by an entire
change

change in the method of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen who are now on the scene, seem to have not the least tincture left of those infusions, or siring of those weeds; and, by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext, is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy, whether the banishing all notions of religion whatsoever would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am, in the least, of opinion with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe, by the fear of invisible powers: unless mankind were then very different from what it is now: for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England, to be as free thinkers, that is to say, as stanch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank, But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter-night.

Lastly, it is proposed, as a singular advantage, That the abolishing of Christianity will very much contribute to the uniting of *Protestants*, by enlarging the terms of communion, so as to take in all sorts of *dissenters*; who are now shut out of the pale, upon account of a few ceremonies, which all sides confess to be things indifferent: That this alone will effectually answer the great ends of a scheme for comprehension, by opening a large noble gate, at which all bodies may enter; whereas the chaffering with *dissenters*, and dodging about this or the other ceremony, is but like opening a few wickets, and leaving them at jar, by which no more than one can get in at a time, and that not without stooping and sideling, and squeezing his body.

To all this I answer, That there is one darling inclination of mankind, which usually affects to be a retainer to religion, though she be neither its parent, its godmother, or its friend; I mean the spirit of opposition, that lived long before Christianity, and can easily subsist without it. Let us, for instance, examine wherein the opposition of sectaries among us consists. We shall find Christianity to have no share in it at all. Does the gospel anywhere prescribe a starched squeezed countenance, a stiff formal gait, a singularity of manners and habit, or any affected modes of speech, different from the reasonable part of mankind? Yet, if Christianity did not lend its name to stand in the gap, and to employ or divert these humours, they must of necessity be spent in contraventions to the laws of the land, and disturbance of the public peace. There is a portion of enthusiasm assigned to every nation, which, if it hath not proper objects to work on, will burst out, and set all in a flame. If the quiet of a state can be bought by only flinging men a few ceremonies to devour, it is a purchase no wise man would refuse. Let the mastiffs amuse themselves about a sheep's skin stuffed with hay, provided it will keep them from worrying the flock. The institution of convents abroad seems in one point a great strain of wisdom; there being few irregularities in human passions, that may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those orders; which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic, and the morose, to spend themselves, and evaporate the noxious particles: for each of whom we in this island are forced to provide a several sect of religion, to keep them quiet. And whenever Christianity shall be abolished, the legislature must find some other expedient to employ and entertain them. For what imports it how large a gate you open, if there

there will be always left a number, who place a pride and a merit in refusing to enter?

Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof; I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgements as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniencies that may happen, if the gospel should be repealed; which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And, first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be shocked at the sight of so many daggled-tail parsons, who happened to fall in their way, and offend their eyes. But, at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider, what an advantage and felicity it is, for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: If Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points, whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of, from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us; and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Apsil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand

hand to provide them with materials? What other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had an hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing Christianity may perhaps bring the church in danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be mistaken; I am far from presuming to affirm, or think, that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand; but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may be a dangerous design lurking under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the *Atheists, Deists, Socinians, Anti-trinitarians*, and other subdivisions of free-thinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of Episcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up *Presbytery* in the stead; which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

In the last place, I think nothing can be more plain, than that, by this expedient, we shall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid; and that the abolishment of the *Christian* religion will be the readiest course we can take to introduce Popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, because we know it hath been the constant practice of the *Jesuits*, to send over emissaries, with instructions to personate themselves members of the se-

veral prevailing sects among us. So it is recorded, that they have at fundry times appeared in the guise of *Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, and Quakers*, according as any of these were most in credit: so, since the fashion hath been taken up of exploding religion, the *Popish* missionaries have not been wanting to mix with the freethinkers; among whom Toland, the great oracle of the *Anti-christians*, is an Irish priest, the son of an Irish priest; and the most learned and ingenious author of a book called the *rights of the Christian church*, was, in a proper juncture, reconciled to the Romish faith; whose true son, as appears by a hundred passages in his treatise, he still continues. Perhaps I could add some others to the number: but the fact is beyond dispute. And the reasoning they proceed by is right: for supposing Christianity to be extinguished, the people will never be at ease till they find out some other method of worship; which will as infallibly produce superstition, as superstition will end in *Popery*.

And therefore, if, notwithstanding all I have said, it still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that instead of the word *Christianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which, I conceive, will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises; we do not strike at the root of the evil, though we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action; which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? and therefore the freethinkers consider it as a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual

mutual dependence on each other, that, if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground. This was happily expressed by him, who had heard of a text brought for proof of the Trinity, which in an ancient manuscript was differently read; he thereupon immediately took the hint, and, by a sudden deduction of a long *sorites* *, most logically concluded, Why, if it be as you say, I may safely whore and drink on, and defy the parson. From which, and many the like instances, easy to be produced, I think nothing can be more manifest, than that the quarrel is not against any particular points of hard digestion in the Christian system; but against religion in general; which, by laying restraints on human nature, is supposed the great enemy to the freedom of thought and action.

Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of church and state, that Christianity be abolished; I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace; and not venture in this conjuncture to disoblige our allies; who, as it falls out, are all Christians; and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigotted, as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If, upon being rejected by them, we are to trust to an alliance with the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived: for as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian Emperor, so his people would be more scandalized at our infidelity, than our Christian neighbours. For the Turks are not only strict observers of religious worship; but, what is worse, believe a God; which is more than is required of us, even while we preserve the name of Christians.

* A *sorites* differs from a syllogism, in that it takes only the minor proposition. An example of this figure may be seen, vol. 5. in John Bull, part 2. chap. 17. near the end.

To conclude: Whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend, that in six months time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the gospel, the Bank and East-India stock may fall, at least, one *per cent*. And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the *preservation* of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss, merely for the sake of *destroying* it.





A Project for the ADVANCEMENT of RELI-
GION and the REFORMATION of MAN-
NERS *.

By a PERSON of QUALITY.

Written in the Year 1709.

To the Countess of BERKLEY †.

MADAM,

MY intention in prefixing your Ladyship's name, is not, after the common form, to desire your protection of the following papers; which I take to be a very unreasonable re-

* The author appears in earnest throughout this whole treatise; and the dedication, or introduction, is in a strain of serious panegyric which the Lady, to whom it is addressed, undoubtedly deserved. But as the pamphlet is of the satirical kind, I am apt to imagine, that the Dean put a violence upon himself, in chusing to appear candidly serious, rather than to smile under his usual mask of gravity. Methinks, upon these occasions, I perceive him writing in shakles. *Orrery*.

In the *Project*, &c. Dr. Swift appears in the character of a great inspired prophet. *He crieth aloud, he spareth not, he lifteth up his voice like a trumpet*, Is. lviii. 1. He rebuketh all ranks of men for their depravities and corruptions, their profaneness, their blasphemy and irreligion. His discourse he addresseth unto his sovereign, and, beyond all contradiction, proveth it to be an important duty incumbent on all princes, to encourage and enforce morals and religion, by exerting their utmost authority. He then applieth himself to the legislature, conjuring them to forward so noble a design, and provide remedies against that torrent of iniquity, which, if not vigorously opposed, would certainly increase, and never stop in its career, until it subverted the constitution. And, finally, he declares, in the prophetic style and spirit, that a reformation of manners, and turning unto God, are the best natural as well as religious means, to bring the war to an happy conclusion. *Swift*.

† This excellent Lady was Elisabeth, the daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden, and sister to Edward Earl of Gainborough.

quest; since, by being inscribed to your Ladyship, though without your knowledge, and from a concealed hand, you cannot recommend them without some suspicion of partiality. My real design is, I confess, the very same I have often detested in most dedications; that of publishing your praises to the world; not upon the subject of your noble birth; for I know others as noble; or of the greatness of your fortune, for I know others far greater; or of that beautiful race, (the images of their parents), which calls you mother; for even this may perhaps have been equalled in some other age or country. Besides, none of these advantages do derive any accomplishments to the owners, but serve, at best, only to adorn what they really possess. What I intend, is your piety, truth, good sense and good nature, affability and charity; wherein I wish your Ladyship had many equals, or any superiors; and I wish I could say I knew them too, for then your Ladyship might have had a chance to escape this address. In the mean time, I think it highly necessary, for the interest of virtue and religion, that the whole kingdom should be informed in some parts of your character: for instance, That the easiest and politest conversation, joined with the truest piety, may be observed in your Ladyship, in as great perfection as they were ever seen apart in any other persons: That, by your prudence and management under several disadvantages, you have preserved the lustre of that most noble family into which you are grafted, and which the unmeasurable profusion of ancestors, for many generations, had too much eclipsed: Then how happily you perform every office of life, to which Providence hath called you; in the education of those two incomparable daughters, whose conduct is so universally admired; in every duty of a prudent, complying, affectionate wife; in that care which descends to the meanest of your domestics; and,

lastly, in that endless bounty to the poor, and discretion where to distribute it. I insist on my opinion, that it is of importance for the public, to know this, and a great deal more of your Ladyship; yet whoever goes about to inform them, shall, instead of finding credit, perhaps be censured for a flatter. To avoid so usual a reproach, I declare this to be no dedication, but merely an introduction to a proposal for the advancement of religion and morals, by tracing, however imperfectly, some few lineaments in the character of a Lady, who hath spent all her life in the practice and promotion of both.

AMong all the schemes offered to the public in this projecting age, I have observed, with some displeasure, that there have never been any for the improvement of religion and morals: which, besides the piety of the design from the consequence of such a reformation in a future life, would be the best natural means for advancing the public felicity of the state, as well as the present happiness of every individual. For as much as faith and morality are declined among us, I am altogether confident, they might, in a short time, and with no very great trouble, be raised to as high a perfection as numbers are capable of receiving. Indeed the method is so easy and obvious, and some present opportunities so good, that, in order to have this project reduced to practice, there seems to want nothing more than to put those in mind, who, by their honour, duty, and interest, are chiefly concerned.

But because it is idle to propose remedies before we are assured of the disease, or to be in fear till we are convinced of the danger; I shall first shew in general, that the nation is extremely corrupted in religion and morals; and then I will offer a short scheme for the reformation of both.

As to the first, I know it is reckoned but a form of speech, when divines complain of the wickedness of the age. However, I believe, upon a fair comparison with other times and countries, it would be found an undoubted truth.

For, first, to deliver nothing but plain matter of fact, without exaggeration or satire, I suppose it will be granted, that hardly one in an hundred among our people of quality or gentry appears to act by any principle of religion; that great numbers of them do entirely discard it, and are ready to own their disbelief of all revelation in ordinary discourse. Nor is the case much better among the vulgar, especially in great towns, where the profaneness and ignorance of handicraftsmen, small traders, servants, and the like, are to a degree very hard to be imagined greater. Then it is observed abroad, that no race of mortals hath so little sense of religion, as the English soldiers. To confirm which, I have been often told by great officers of the army, that, in the whole compass of their acquaintance, they could not recollect three of their profession, who seemed to regard or believe one syllable of the gospel. And the same, at least, may be affirmed of the fleet. The consequences of all which upon the actions of men, are equally manifest. They never go about, as in former times, to hide or palliate their vices, but expose them freely to view, like any other common occurrences of life, without the least reproach from the world or themselves. For instance, any man will tell you, he intends to be drunk this evening, or was so last night, with as little ceremony or scruple, as he would tell you the time of the day. He will let you know he is going to a wench, or that he has got a clap, with as much indifferency, as he would a piece of public news. He will swear, curse, or blaspheme, without the least passion or provocation. And though all regard for reputation is not

quite laid aside in the other sex, it is however at so low an ebb, that very few among them seem to think virtue and conduct of any necessity for preserving it. If this be not so, how comes it to pass that women of tainted reputations find the same countenance and reception in all public places, with those of the nicest virtue, who pay and receive visits from them without any manner of scruple? Which proceeding, as it is not very old among us, so I take it to be of most pernicious consequence. It looks like a sort of compounding between virtue and vice; as if a woman were allowed to be vitious, provided she be not a profligate; as if there were a certain point where gallantry ends, and infamy begins; or that an hundred criminal amours were not as pardonable as half a score.

Besides those corruptions already mentioned, it would be endless to enumerate such as arise from the excess of play or gaming; the cheats, the quarrels, the oaths, and blasphemies, among the men; among the women, the neglect of household-affairs, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent passion; and, lastly, the known inlet to all lewdness, when after an ill run the *person* must answer the defects of the *purse*: the rule on such occasions holding true in play, as it does in law, *Quod non habet in crumena, luat in corpore*.

But all these are trifles in comparison, if we step into other scenes, and consider the fraud and cozenage of trading men and shopkeepers; that insatiable gulf of injustice and oppression, the *law*; the open traffic for all civil and military employments, (I wish it rested there*), without the least regard to merit or qualifications; the corrupt management of men in office; the many detestable abuses in chusing those who represent the people; with the management of interests and factions a-

* Perhaps the author intended to intimate that it extended to ecclesiastical.

mong the representatives : to which I must be bold to add, the ignorance of some of the lower clergy ; the mean servile temper of others ; the pert pragmatical demeanour of several young stagers in divinity, upon their first producing themselves into the world ; with many other circumstances needless, or rather invidious to mention ; which falling in with the corruptions already related, have, however unjustly, almost rendered the whole order contemptible.

This is a short view of the general depravities among us, without entering into particulars, which would be an endless labour. Now, as universal and deep-rooted as these appear to be, I am utterly deceived, if an effectual remedy might not be applied to most of them ; neither am I at present upon a wild speculative project, but such a one as may be easily put in execution.

For, while the prerogative of giving all employments continues in the crown, either immediately, or by subordination, it is in the power of the *prince* to make piety and virtue become the fashion of the age, if at the same time he would make them necessary qualifications for favour and preferment.

It is clear from present experience, that the bare example of the best prince will not have any mighty influence, where the age is very corrupt. For when was there ever a better prince on the throne than the present Queen ? I do not talk of her talent for government, her love of the people, or any other qualities that are purely regal ; but her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and whatever other virtues do best adorn a private life ; wherein, without question or flattery, she hath no superior ; yet neither will it be satire, or peevish invective, to affirm, that infidelity and vice are not much diminished since her coming to the crown ; nor will, in probability, till more effectual remedies be provided

Thus

Thus human nature seems to lie under the disadvantage, that the example alone of a vicious prince will in time corrupt an age, but the example of a good one will not be sufficient to reform it without further endeavours. Princes must therefore supply this defect by a vigorous exercise of that authority which the law has left them, by making it every man's interest and honour to cultivate religion and virtue, by rendering vice a disgrace, and the certain ruin to preferment or pretensions: all which they should first attempt in their own courts and families. For instance, might not the queen's domestics of the middle and lower sort be obliged, upon penalty of suspension or loss of their employments, to a constant weekly attendance on the service of the church; to a decent behaviour in it; to receive the sacrament four times a year; to avoid swearing, and irreligious profane discourses; and to the appearance at least of temperance and chastity? Might not the care of all this be committed to the strict inspection of proper officers? Might not those of higher rank, and nearer access to her Majesty, receive her own commands to the same purpose, and be countenanced or disfavoured according as they obey? Might not the Queen lay her injunctions on the bishops, and other great men of undoubted piety, to make diligent inquiry, and give her notice, if any person about her should happen to be of libertine principles or morals? Might not all those who enter upon any office in her Majesty's family, be obliged to take an oath parallel with that against simony, which is administered to the clergy? It is not to be doubted, but that, if these or the like proceedings were duly observed, morality and religion would soon become fashionable court-virtues, and be taken up as the only methods to get or keep employments there; which alone would have mighty influence upon many of the nobility and principal gentry.

But

But if the like methods were pursued as far as possible with regard to those who are in the great employments of state, it is hard to conceive how general a reformation they might in time produce among us. For if piety and virtue were once reckoned qualifications necessary to preferment, every man thus endowed, when put into great stations, would readily imitate the Queen's example in the distribution of all offices in his disposal; especially if any apparent transgression through favour or partiality would be imputed to him for a misdemeanor, by which he must certainly forfeit his favour and station. And there being such great numbers in employment, scattered through every town and county in this kingdom, if all these were exemplary in the conduct of their lives, things would soon take a new face, and religion receive a mighty encouragement. Nor would the public weal be less advanced; since of nine offices in ten that are ill executed, the defect is not in capacity or understanding, but in common honesty. I know no employment, for which piety disqualifies any man; and if it did, I doubt the objection would not be very seasonably offered at present; because it is, perhaps, too just a reflection, that, in the disposal of places, the question, whether a person be *fit* for what he is recommended to? is generally the last that is thought on or regarded.

I have often imagined, that something parallel to the office of censors anciently in Rome, would be of mighty use among us, and could be easily limited from running into any exorbitances. The Romans understood liberty at least as well as we, were as jealous of it, and upon every occasion as bold asserters: Yet I do not remember to have read any great complaints of the abuses in that office among them; but many admirable effects of it are left upon record. There are several pernicious vices frequent and notorious among us,
that

that escape or elude the punishment of any law we have yet invented, or have had no law at all against them; such as atheism, drunkenness, fraud, avarice, and several others; which, by this institution, wisely regulated, might be much reformed. Suppose, for instance, that itinerary commissioners were appointed to inspect, every where throughout the kingdom, into the conduct (at least) of men in office, with respect to their morals and religion, as well as their abilities; to receive the complaints and informations that should be offered against them, and make their report here upon oath to the court or the ministry, who should reward or punish accordingly. I avoid entering into the particulars of this or any other scheme; which coming from a private hand, might be liable to many defects, but would soon be digested by the wisdom of the nation. And, surely, six thousand pounds a year would not be ill laid out among as many commissioners duly qualified, who in three divisions should be personally obliged to take their yearly circuits for that purpose.

But this is beside my present design; which was only to shew what degree of reformation is in the power of the queen, without the interposition of the legislature; and which her Majesty is, without question, obliged in conscience to endeavour by her authority, as much as she doth by her practice.

It will be easily granted, that the example of this great town hath a mighty influence over the whole kingdom; and it is as manifest, that the town is equally influenced by the court, and the ministry, and those who, by their employments or their hopes, depend upon them. Now, if under so excellent a princess as the present queen, we would suppose a family strictly regulated, as I have above proposed; a ministry where every single person was of distinguished piety; if we should suppose all

great offices of state and law filled after the same manner, and with such as were equally diligent in chusing persons, who, in their several subordinations, would be obliged to follow the examples of their superiors, under the penalty of loss of favour and place ; will not every body grant, that the empire of vice and irreligion would be soon destroyed in this great metropolis. and receive a terrible blow through the whole island, which hath so great an intercourse with it, and so much affects to follow its fashions ?

For, if religion were once understood to be the necessary step to favour and preferment, can it be imagined that any man would openly offend against it, who had the least regard for his reputation or his fortune ? There is no quality so contrary to any nature, which men cannot affect, and put on upon occasion, in order to serve an interest, or gratify a prevailing passion. The proudest man will personate humility, the morosest learn to flatter, the laziest will be sedulous and active, where he is in pursuit of what he hath much at heart : How ready therefore would most men be to step into the paths of virtue and piety, if they infallibly led to favour and fortune !

If swearing and profaneness, scandalous and avowed lewdness, excessive gaming and intemperance, were a little discountenanced in the army, I cannot readily see what ill consequences could be apprehended. If gentlemen of that profession were at least obliged to some external decorum in their conduct ; or even if a profligate life and character were not a means of advancement, and the appearance of piety a most infallible hindrance, it is impossible the corruptions there should be so universal and exorbitant. I have been assured by several great officers, that no troops abroad are so ill disciplined as the English ; which cannot well be otherwise, while the common soldiers have perpetually

petually before their eyes, the vicious example of their leaders ; and it is hardly possible for those to commit any crime, whereof these are not infinitely more guilty, and with less temptation.

It is commonly charged upon the gentlemen of the army, that the beastly vice of drinking to excess hath been lately, from their example, restored among us ; which, for some years, before was almost dropt in England. But, whoever the introducers were, they have succeeded to a miracle ; many of the young nobility and gentry are already become great proficients, and are under no manner of concern to hide their talent, but are got beyond all sense of shame, or fear of reproach.

This might soon be remedied, if the Queen would think fit to declare, that no young person of quality whatsoever, who was notoriously addicted to that or any other vice, should be capable of her favour, or even admitted into her presence ; with positive command to her ministers, and others in great office, to treat them in the same manner : After which, all men who had any regard for their reputation, or any prospect of preferment, would avoid their commerce. This would quickly make that vice so scandalous, that those, who could not subdue, would at least endeavour to disguise it.

By the like methods a stop might be put to that ruinous practice of deep gaming : And the reason why it prevails so much, is, because a treatment *directly opposite* in every point, is made use of to promote it ; by which means, the laws enacted against this abuse, are wholly eluded.

It cannot be denied, that the want of strict discipline in the universities, hath been of pernicious consequence to the youth of this nation, who are there almost left entirely to their own management, especially those among them of better quality and fortune ; who, because they are not under a necessity

cessity of making learning their maintenance, are easily allowed to pass their time, and take their degrees with little or no improvement. Than which there cannot well be a greater absurdity. For if no advancement of knowledge can be had from these places, the time there spent is at best utterly lost, because every ornamental part of education is better taught elsewhere. And, as for keeping youths out of harm's way, I doubt, where so many of them are got together, at full liberty of doing what they please, it will not answer the end. But whatever abuses, corruptions, or deviations from statutes, have crept into the universities through neglect, or length of time, they might in a great degree be reformed, by strict injunctions from court (upon each particular) to the visitors and heads of houses; besides, the peculiar authority the Queen may have in several colleges, whereof her predecessors were the founders. And among other regulations, it would be very convenient to prevent the excess of drinking, with that scurvy custom among the lads, and parent of the former vice, the taking of tobacco, where it is not absolutely necessary in point of health.

From the universities, the young nobility, and others of great fortunes, are sent for early up to town, for fear of contracting any airs of pedantry by a college-education. Many of the younger gentry retire to the inns of court, where they are wholly left to their own discretion. And the consequence of this remissness in education appears by observing, that nine in ten of those who rise in the church or the court, the law or the army, are younger brothers, or new men, whose narrow fortunes have forced them upon industry and application.

As for the inns of court, unless we suppose them to be much degenerated, they must needs be the worst instituted seminaries in any Christian

country; but whether they may be corrected without interposition of the legislature, I have not skill enough to determine. However, it is certain, that all wise nations have agreed in the necessity of a strict education; which consisted, among other things, in the observance of moral duties, especially justice, temperance, and chastity, as well as the knowledge of arts, and bodily exercises. But all these among us are laughed out of doors.

Without the least intention to offend the clergy, I cannot but think, that, through a mistaken notion and practice, they prevent themselves from doing much service, which otherwise might lie in their power, to religion and virtue: I mean, by affecting so much to converse with each other, and caring so little to mingle with the laity. They have their particular clubs, and particular coffee-houses, where they generally appear in clusters. A single divine dares hardly shew his person among numbers of fine gentlemen; or, if he happens to fall into such company, he is silent and suspicious, in continual apprehension, that some pert man of pleasure should break an unmannerly jest, and render him ridiculous. Now, I take this behaviour of the clergy to be just as reasonable, as if the physicians should agree to spend their time in visiting one another, or their several apothecaries, and leave their patients to shift for themselves. In my humble opinion, the clergy's business lies entirely among the laity: neither is there perhaps a more effectual way to forward the salvation of mens souls, than for spiritual persons to make themselves as agreeable as they can in the conversations of the world; for which a learned education gives them great advantage, if they would please to improve and apply it. It so happens, that the *men of pleasure*, who never go to church, nor use themselves to read books of devotion, form their ideas of the clergy, from a few poor strollers they often observe

serve in the streets, or sneaking out of some person of quality's house, where they are hired by the lady at ten shillings a-month: while those of better figure and parts, do seldom appear to correct these notions. And let some reasoners think what they please, it is certain, that men must be brought to esteem and love the clergy, before they can be persuaded to be in love with religion. No man values the best medicine, if administered by a physician, whose person he hates or despises. If the clergy were as forward to appear in all companies, as other gentlemen, and would a little study the arts of conversation, to make themselves agreeable, they might be welcome to every party, where there was the least regard for politeness or good sense; and consequently prevent a thousand vicious or profane discourses, as well as actions: neither would men of understanding complain, that a clergyman was a constraint upon the company, because they could not speak blasphemy or obscene jests before him. While the people are so jealous of the clergy's ambition, as to abhor all thoughts of the return of ecclesiastic discipline among them, I do not see any other method left for men of that function to take, in order to reform the world, than by using all honest arts to make themselves acceptable to the laity. This, no doubt, is part of that wisdom of the serpent, which the author of Christianity directs; and is the very method used by St. Paul, who *became all things to all men, to the Jews a Jew, and a Greek to the Greeks.*

How to remedy these inconveniencies, may be a matter of some difficulty; since the clergy seem to be of an opinion, that this humour of sequestering themselves is a part of their duty; nay, as I remember, they have been told so by some of their bishops in their pastoral letters, particularly by *one**

* Supposed to be Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.

among them of great merit and distinction; who yet, in his own practice, hath all his lifetime taken a course directly contrary. But I am deceived, if an awkward shame, and fear of ill usage from the laity, have not a greater share in this mistaken conduct, than their own inclinations. However, if the outward profession of religion and virtue were once in practice and countenance at court, as well as among all men in office, or who have any hopes or dependence for preferment, a good treatment of the clergy would be the necessary consequence of such a reformation; and they would soon be wise enough to see their own duty and interest, in qualifying themselves for lay-conversation, when once they were out of fear of being choked by ribaldry or profaneness.

There is one further circumstance upon this occasion, which I know not whether it will be very orthodox to mention. The clergy are the only set of men among us, who constantly wear a distinct habit from others: the consequence of which (not in reason, but in fact) is this, that as long as any scandalous persons appear in that dress, it will continue, in some degree, a general mark of contempt. Whoever happens to see a *scoundrel in a gown*, reeling home at midnight, (a sight neither *frequent* nor *miraculous*), is apt to entertain an ill idea of the whole order, and at the same time to be extremely comforted in his own vices. Some remedy might be put to this, if those straggling gentlemen, who come up to town to *seek their fortunes*, were fairly dismissed to the West Indies; where there is work enough, and where some better provision should be made for them, than I doubt there is at present. Or, what if no person were allowed to wear the habit, who had not some preferment in the church, or at least some temporal fortune sufficient to keep him out of contempt? though, in my opinion, it were infinitely better, if all the clergy

(except

(except the bishops) were permitted to appear like other men of the graver sort, unless at those seasons when they are doing the business of their function.

There is one abuse in this town, which wonderfully contributes to the promotion of vice; that such men are often put into the commission of the peace, whose interest it is, that virtue should be utterly banished from among us; who maintain, or at least enrich themselves by encouraging the grossest immortalities; to whom all the *bawds* of the *ward* pay contribution for shelter and protection from the laws. Thus these worthy magistrates, instead of lessening enormities, are the occasion of just twice as much debauchery as there would be without them. For those infamous women are forced upon doubling their work and industry, to answer double charges, of paying the justice, and supporting themselves; like thieves who escape the gallows, and are let out to steal, in order to discharge the gaoler's fees.

It is not to be questioned, but the Queen and ministry might easily redress this abominable grievance, by enlarging the number of justices of the peace, by endeavouring to chuse men of virtuous principles, by admitting none who have not considerable fortunes; perhaps, by receiving into the number some of the most eminent clergy: then, by forcing all of them, upon severe penalties, to act when there is occasion, and not permitting any who are offered, to refuse the commission. But in these two last cases, which are very material, I doubt there will be need of the legislature.

The reformation of the stage is entirely in the power of the Queen; and in the consequences it hath upon the minds of younger people, doth very well deserve the strictest care. Besides the indecent and profane passages; besides the perpetual turning into ridicule the very function of the priesthood,

with other irregularities, in most modern comedies, which have been often objected to them; it is worth observing, the distributive justice of the authors, which is constantly applied to the punishment of virtue, and the reward of vice; directly opposite to the rules of their best critics, as well as to the practice of dramatic poets, in all other ages and countries. For example, a country-'squire, who is represented with no other vice but that of being a clown, and having the provincial accent upon his tongue, which is neither a fault, nor in his power to remedy, must be condemned to marry a cast wench, or a cracked chambermaid. On the other side, a rake-hell of the town, whose character is set off with no other accomplishment but excessive prodigality, profaneness, intemperance, and lust, is rewarded with a lady of great fortune, to repair his own, which his vices had almost ruined. And as, in a tragedy, the hero is represented to have obtained many victories, in order to raise his character in the minds of the spectators; so the hero of a comedy is represented to have been victorious in all his intrigues; for the same reason. I do not remember, that our English poets ever suffered a criminal amour to succeed upon the stage, till the reign of King Charles II. Ever since that time, the alderman is made a cuckold, the deluded virgin is debauched, and adultery and fornication are supposed to be committed behind the scenes, as part of the action. These, and many more corruptions of the theatre, peculiar to our age and nation, need continue no longer, than while the court is content to connive at or neglect them. Surely a pension would not be ill employed on some men of wit, learning, and virtue, who might have power to strike out every offensive or unbecoming passage, from plays already written, as well as those that may be offered to the stage for the future. By which, and other wise regulations, the theatre might

might become a very innocent and useful diversion, instead of being a scandal and reproach to our religion and country.

The proposals I have hitherto made for the advancement of religion and morality, are such as come within reach of the administration; such as a pious active prince, with a steady resolution, might soon bring to effect. Neither am I aware of any objections to be raised against what I have advanced; unless it should be thought, that the making religion a necessary step to interest and favour might increase hypocrisy among us; and I readily believe it would. But if one in twenty should be brought over to true piety, by this or the like methods, and the other nineteen be only hypocrites, the advantage would still be great. Besides, hypocrisy is much more eligible than open infidelity and vice: It wears the livery of religion; it acknowledges her authority, and is cautious of giving scandal. Nay, a long continued disguise is too great a constraint upon human nature, especially an English disposition. Men would leave off their vices out of mere weariness, rather than undergo the toil and hazard, and perhaps the expence, of practising them perpetually in private. And I believe it is often with religion, as it is with love; which, by much dissembling, at last grows real.

All other projects to this great end, have proved hitherto ineffectual. Laws against immorality have not been executed; and proclamations occasionally issued out to enforce them, are wholly unregarded, as things of form. Religious societies, though begun with excellent intention, and by persons of true piety, are said, I know not whether truly or no, to have dwindled into factious clubs, and grown a trade to enrich little knavish informers of the meanest rank, such as common constables, and broken shopkeepers.

And that some effectual attempt should be made
toward

toward such a reformation, is perhaps more necessary than people commonly apprehend; because the ruin of a state is generally preceded by an universal degeneracy of manners, and contempt of religion; which is entirely our case at present.

Diis te minorem, quod geris, imperas. Hor.

Neither is this a matter to be deferred, till a more convenient time of peace and leisure. A reformation in mens faith and morals, is the best natural, as well as religious means, to bring the war to a good conclusion: because, if men in trust performed their duty for conscience sake, affairs would not suffer through fraud, falshood, and neglect, as they now perpetually do. And if they believed a God, and his providence, and acted accordingly, they might reasonably hope for his divine assistance in so just a cause as ours.

Nor could the majesty of the English crown appear, upon any occasion, in a greater lustre, either to foreigners or subjects, than by an administration, which producing such great effects, would discover so much power. And power being the natural appetite of princes, a limited monarch cannot so well gratify it in any thing, as a strict execution of the laws.

Besides, all parties would be obliged to close with so good a work as this, for their own reputation. Neither is any expedient more likely to unite them. For the most violent partymen I have ever observed, are such, as, in the conduct of their lives, have discovered least sense of religion and morality; and when all such are laid aside, at least those among them who shall be found incorrigible, it will be a matter perhaps of no great difficulty, to reconcile the rest.

The many corruptions at present in every branch of business, are almost inconceivable. I have heard
it

it computed by skilful persons, that of six millions raised every year for the service of the public, one third, at least, is sunk and intercepted, through the several classes and subordinations of artful men in office, before the remainder is applied to the proper use. This is an accidental ill effect of our freedom. And while such men are in trust, who have no check from within, nor any views but towards their interest, there is no other fence against them, but the certainty of being hanged upon the first discovery, by the arbitrary will of an unlimited monarch, or his *vizier*. Among us, the only danger to be apprehended, is the loss of an employment; and that danger is to be eluded a thousand ways. Besides, when fraud is great, it furnishes weapons to defend itself: and, at worst, if the crimes be so flagrant, that a man is laid aside out of perfect shame, (which rarely happens), he retires loaded with the spoils of the nation; *et fruitur diis iratis*. I could name a commission, where several persons, out of a salary of five hundred pounds, without other visible revenues, have always lived at the rate of two thousand, and laid out forty or fifty thousand upon purchases of land or annuities. An hundred other instances of the same kind might easily be produced. What remedy therefore can be found against such grievances, in a constitution like ours, but to bring religion into countenance, and encourage those, who, from the hope of future reward, and dread of future punishment, will be moved to act with justice and integrity?

This is not to be accomplished any other way, than by introducing religion as much as possible to be the turn and fashion of the age; which only lies in the power of the administration; the prince with utmost strictness regulating the court, the ministry, and other persons in great employment; and

and these, by their example and authority, reforming all who have dependence on them.

It is certain, that a reformation successfully carried on in this great town, would, in time, spread itself over the whole kingdom; since most of the considerable youth pass here that season of their lives, wherein the strongest impressions are made, in order to improve their education, or advance their fortune; and those among them who return into their several countries, are sure to be followed and imitated, as the greatest patterns of wit and good breeding.

And if things were once in this train; that is, if virtue and religion were established as the necessary titles to reputation and preferment; and if vice and infidelity were not only loaden with infamy, but made the infallible ruin of all mens pretensions; our duty, by becoming our interest, would take root in our natures, and mix with the very genius of our people; so that it would not be easy for the example of one wicked prince to bring us back to our former corruptions.

I have confined myself (as it is before observed) to those methods for the advancement of piety, which are in the power of a prince limited like ours, by a strict execution of the laws already in force. And this is enough for a project that comes without any name or recommendation; I doubt a great deal more than will be suddenly reduced into practice. Though, if any disposition should appear towards so good a work, it is certain, that the assistance of the legislative power would be necessary to make it more complete. I will instance only a few particulars.

In order to reform the vices of this town, which, as we have said, hath so mighty an influence on the whole kingdom, it would be very instrumental to have a law made, that all taverns and alehouses should be obliged to dismifs their company by
twelve

twelve at night, and shut up their doors; and that no woman should be suffered to enter any tavern or alehouse, upon any pretence whatsoever. It is easy to conceive, what a number of ill consequences such a law would prevent; the mischiefs of quarrels, and ledwness, and thefts, and midnight-brawls, the diseases of intemperance and venery, and a thousand other evils needless to mention. Nor would it be amiss, if the masters of those public houses were obliged, upon the severest penalties, to give only a proportioned quantity of drink to every company; and when he found his guests disordered with excess, to refuse them any more.

I believe there is hardly a nation in Christendom, where all kind of fraud is practised in so unmeasurable a degree as with us. The lawyer, the tradesman, the mechanic, have found so many arts to deceive in their several callings, that they far outgrow the common prudence of mankind, which is in no sort able to fence against them. Neither could the legislature in any thing more consult the public good, than by providing some effectual remedy against this evil; which in several cases deserves greater punishment, than many crimes that are capital among us. The vintner, who, by mixing poison with his wines, destroys more lives than any malignant disease; the lawyer, who persuades you to a purchase, which he knows is mortgaged for more than the worth, to the ruin of you and your family; the banker or scrivener, who takes all your fortune to dispose of, when he has beforehand resolved to break the following day, do surely deserve the gallows much better than the wretch who is carried there for stealing a horse.

It cannot easily be answered to God or man, why a law is not made for limiting the press; at least so far as to prevent the publishing of such pernicious books, as, under pretence of *free-thinking*, endeavour to overthrow those tenets in religion, which
have

have been held inviolable almost in all ages, by every sect that pretends to be Christian; and cannot therefore, with any colour of reason, be called *points in controversy*, or *matters of speculation*, as some would pretend. The doctrine of the *Trinity*, the *divinity of Christ*, the *immortality of the soul*, and even the truth of all *revelation*, are daily exploded and denied in books openly printed; though it is to be supposed, neither party * avow such principles, or own the supporting of them to be any way necessary to their service.

It would be endless to set down every corruption or defect which requires a remedy from the legislative power. Senates are like to have little regard for any proposals that come from without doors; though, under a due sense of my own inabilities, I am fully convinced, that the unbiassed thoughts of an honest and wise man, employed on the good of his country, may be better digested, than the results of a multitude, where faction and interest too often prevail; as a single guide may direct the way, better than five hundred who *have contrary views*, or *look askint*, or *shut their eyes*.

I shall therefore mention but one more particular, which I think the parliament ought to take under consideration; whether it be not a shame to our country, and a scandal to Christianity, that in many towns, where there is a prodigious increase in the number of houses and inhabitants, so little care should be taken for the building of churches, that five parts in six of the people are absolutely hindered from hearing divine service? particularly here in London *, where a single minister, with one or two sorry curates, hath the care sometimes of above

* Neither Whig nor Tory.

* This paragraph is known to have given the first hint to certain Bishops, particularly to Bishop Atterbury; in the Earl of Oxford's ministry, to procure a fund for building fifty new churches in London.

twenty thousand souls incumbent on him: A neglect of religion so ignominious, in my opinion, that it can hardly be equalled in any civilized age or country.

But, to leave these airy imaginations of introducing new laws for the amendment of mankind; what I principally insist on, is a due execution of the old, which lies wholly in the crown, and in the authority derived from thence. I return therefore to my former assertion, That if stations of power, trust, profit, and honour, were constantly made the rewards of virtue and piety, such an administration must needs have a mighty influence on the faith and morals of the whole kingdom: and men of great abilities would *then* endeavour to excel in the duties of a religious life, in order to qualify themselves for public service. I may possibly be wrong in some of the means I prescribe towards this end: but that is no material objection against the design itself. Let those who are at the helm contrive it better, which perhaps they may easily do. Every body will agree, that the disease is manifest, as well as dangerous; that some remedy is necessary, and that none yet applied hath been effectual; which is a sufficient excuse for any man who wishes well to his country, to offer his thoughts when he can have no other end in view but the public good. The present Queen is a Princess of as many and great virtues, as ever filled a throne: how would it brighten her character, to the present and after ages, if she would exert her utmost authority to instil some share of those virtues into her people, which they are too degenerate to learn only from her example? and, be it spoke with all the veneration possible for so excellent a sovereign, her best endeavours in this weighty affair, are a most important part of her duty, as well as of her interest and her honour.

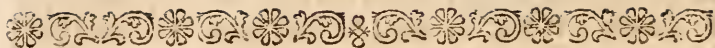
But it must be confessed, that, as things are now, every man thinks he has laid in a sufficient stock of merit, and may pretend to any employment, provided he hath been loud and frequent in declaring himself hearty for the government. It is true, he is a *man of pleasure*, and a *freethinker*; that is, in other words, he is profligate in his morals, and a despiser of religion; but in point of party he is one to be *confided* in; he is an assertor of liberty and property; he rattles it out against *Popery* and *arbitrary power*, and *priestcraft* and *high-church*. It is enough: he is a person fully qualified for any employment in the court or the navy, the law or the revenue; where he will be sure to leave no arts untried of bribery, fraud, injustice, or oppression, that he can practise with any hope or impunity. No wonder such men are true to a government, where liberty runs high, where property, *however attained*, is so well secured, and where the administration is at least so gentle: it is impossible they could chuse any other constitution, without changing to their loss.

Fidelity to a present establishment, is indeed the principal means to defend it from a foreign enemy; but without other qualifications, will not prevent corruptions from within; and states are more often ruined by these than the other.

To conclude: Whether the proposals I have offered towards a reformation, be such as are most prudent and convenient, may probably be a question: but it is none at all, whether some reformation be absolutely necessary; because the nature of things is such, that if abuses be not remedied, they will certainly increase, nor ever stop, till they end in a subversion of a commonwealth. As there must always of necessity be some corruptions, so in a well-instituted state, the executive power will be always contending against them, by *reducing things* (as Machiavel speaks) *to their first principles*,
never

never letting abuses grow inveterate, or multiply so far that it will be hard to find remedies, and perhaps impossible to apply them. As he that would keep his house in repair, must attend every little breach or flaw, and supply it immediately, else time alone will bring all to ruin; how much more the common accidents of storms and rain? He must live in perpetual danger of his house falling about his ears; and will find it cheaper to throw it quite down, and build it again from the ground, perhaps upon a new foundation, or at least in a new form, which may neither be so safe, nor so convenient as the old.





The SENTIMENTS of a CHURCH-OF-ENG-
LAND MAN, with respect to REEIGION
and GOVERNMENT*.

Written in the year 1708.

Whoever hath examined the conduct and proceedings of both *parties* for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far towards the extremes of either, without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding. A wise

* This piece is adapted to that particular period in which it was written. The style of the whole pamphlet is nervous, and, except in some few places, impartial. The state of Holland is justly, and, at the same time, concisely delineated. This tract is very well worth one's reading and attention: and it confirms an observation which will perpetually occur, that Swift excels in whatever style or manner he assumes. When he is in earnest, his strength of reason carries with it conviction; when in jest, every competitor in the race of wit is left behind him. *Osney.*

This piece seemeth to have been one of Swift's projects for uniting of parties, and written with a design to check that rage and violence which subsisted in those times between the contending factions of Whig and Tory; and perhaps to recommend, in the place of that abominable rancour and malice, which had broken all the laws of charity and hospitality among human kind, those candid salutary principles, with respect to religion and government, which, if rightly comprehended and vigorously pursued, might certainly preserve the whole constitution, both of *church* and *state*, for ten thousand generations. *Swift.*

This appears to be an apology for the Tories, and a justification of them against the misrepresentations of the Whigs, who were then in the ministry, and used every artifice to perpetuate their power. Mr. Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, had, by the influence of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Treasurer Godolphin, been lately removed from his post of Principal Secretary of State; and Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, resigned his place of Secretary of War, and Sir Simon Harcourt that of Attorney-General.

and

and a good man may indeed be sometimes induced to comply with a number, whose opinion he generally approves, though it be perhaps against his own. But this liberty should be made use of upon very few occasions, and those of small importance, and then only with a view of bringing over his own side another time to something of greater and more public moment. But to sacrifice the innocency of a friend, the good of our country, or our own conscience, to the humour or passion, or interest of a party, plainly shews, that either our heads or our hearts are not as they should be. Yet this very practice is the very fundamental law of each faction among us; as may be obvious to any, who will impartially, and without engagement, be at the pains to examine their actions; which, however, is not so easy a task; for it seems a principle in human nature, to incline one way more than another, even in matters where we are wholly unconcerned. And it is a common observation, that in reading a history of facts done a thousand years ago, or standing by at play among those who are perfect strangers to us, we are apt to find our hopes and wishes engaged on a sudden in favour of one side more than another. No wonder then that we are all so ready to interest ourselves in the course of public affairs, where the most inconsiderable have some *real* share, and, by the wonderful importance which every man is of to himself, a very great *imaginary* one.

And, indeed, when the two parties that divide the whole commonwealth, come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third with better principles, to balance the others, it seems every man's duty to chuse one of the two sides, though he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are justly exploded by both, being too stale and obvious; only intending the safety and ease of a few individuals, while the pub-

lic is imbroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I esteem to have been the wisest and best of all the Romans*. But before things proceed to open violence, the truest service a private man may hope to do his country, is by unbiassing his mind as much as possible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which must needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world; because it is of all others the least consistent with the common design of making a fortune by the *merit* of an *opinion*.

I have gone as far as I am able in qualifying myself to be such a moderator. I believe I am no *bigot* in religion, and I am sure I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with many considerable men of both parties; and if not in equal number, it is purely accidental and personal, as happening to be near the court, and to have made acquaintance there, more under one ministry than another. Then, I am not under the necessity of declaring myself by the prospect of an employment. And, lastly, if all this be not sufficient, I industriously conceal my name, which wholly exempts me from any hopes and fears in delivering my opinion.

In consequence of this free use of my reason, I cannot possibly think so well or so ill of either party, as they would endeavour to persuade the world of each other, and of themselves. For instance, I do not charge it upon the body of the *Whigs* or the *Tories*, that their several principles lead them to introduce Presbytery, and the religion of the church of Rome, or a commonwealth, and arbitrary power. For why should any party be accused of a principle, which they solemnly disown and protest against? But to this they have a mutual answer ready: they both assure us, that their adversaries are not to be believed; that they disown their principles out of fear, which are manifest enough, when we exa-

* One of the sextumvirate in Gulliver, part 3. chap. 7.

mine their practices. To prove this, they will produce instances, on one side, either of avowed Presbyterians, or persons of libertine and atheistical tenets; and on the other, of professed Papists, or such as are openly in the interest of the abdicated family. Now, it is very natural for all subordinate sects and denominations in a state, to side with some general party, and to chuse that which they find to agree with themselves in some general principle. Thus, at the *restoration*, the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, and other sects, did all, with very good reason, unite and soder up their several schemes to join against the *church*; who, without regard to their distinctions, treated them all as equal adversaries. Thus our present dissenters do very naturally close in with the Whigs, who profess *moderation*, declare they abhor all thoughts of *persecution*, and think it hard, that those who differ only in a few *ceremonies* and *speculations*, should be denied the privilege and profit of serving their country in the highest employments of state. Thus, the Atheists, libertines, despisers of religion and revelation in general; that is to say, all those who usually pass under the name of *free-thinkers*, do properly join with the same body; because *they* likewise preach up *moderation*, and are not so over-nice to distinguish between an unlimited liberty of conscience, and an unlimited freedom of opinion. Then, on the other side, the professed firmness of the Tories for Episcopacy, as an apostolical institution; their aversion to those sects who lie under the reproach of having once destroyed their constitution, and who, they imagine, by too indiscreet a zeal for reformation, have defaced the primitive model of the church; next, their veneration for monarchical government in the common course of succession, and their hatred to republican schemes: these, I say, are principles which not only the nonjuring zealots profess, but even Papists themselves fall readily in with. And every

every extreme here mentioned, flings a general scandal upon the whole body it pretends to adhere to.

But surely no man whatsoever ought, in justice or good manners, to be charged with principles he actually disowns, unless his practices do openly, and without the least room for doubt, contradict his profession; not upon small surmises, or because he has the misfortune to have ill men sometimes agree with him in a few general sentiments. However, though the extremes of *Whig* and *Tory* seem, with little justice, to have drawn religion into their controversies, wherein they have small concern; yet they both have borrowed one leading principle from the abuse of it; which is, to have built their several systems of political faith, not upon inquiries after truth, but upon opposition to each other; upon injurious appellations, charging their adversaries with horrid opinions, and then reproaching them for the want of charity; *et neuter falso*.

In order to remove these prejudices, I have thought nothing could be more effectual, than to describe the sentiments of a *Church-of-England man* with respect to *religion* and *government*, This I shall endeavour to do in such a *manner*, as may not be liable to the least objection from either party, and which I am confident would be assented to by great numbers in both, if they were not misled to those mutual misrepresentations, by such motives as they would be ashamed to own.

I shall begin with *religion*.

And here, though it makes an odd sound, yet it is necessary to say, that whoever professeth himself a member of the church of England, ought to believe a God, and his providence, together with revealed religion, and the divinity of *Christ*. For besides those many thousands, who (to speak in the phrase of divines) do practically deny all this by the immorality of their lives, there is no small number, who, in their conversation and writings, directly,

or by consequence, endeavour to overthrow it; yet all these place themselves in the list of the national church, though at the same time (as it is highly reasonable) they are great sticklers for liberty of conscience.

To enter upon particulars: A *church-of-England man* has a true veneration for the scheme established among us of ecclesiastical government; and though he will not determine whether Episcopacy be of divine right, he is sure it is most agreeable to primitive institution; fittest of all others for preserving order and purity, and, under its present regulations, best calculated for our civil state; he should therefore think the abolishment of that order among us, would prove a mighty scandal and corruption to our faith, and manifestly dangerous to our monarchy; nay, he would defend it by arms against all the powers on earth, except our own legislature; in which case he would submit as to a general calamity, a dearth, or a pestilence.

As to rites and ceremonies, and forms of prayer, he allows there might be some useful alterations; and more, which in the prospect of uniting Christians might be very supportable, as things declared in their own nature indifferent; to which he therefore would readily comply, if the *clergy*, or (tho' this be not so fair a method) if the *legislature* should direct; yet at the same time he cannot altogether blame the former for their unwillingness to consent to any alteration; which beside the trouble, and perhaps disgrace, would certainly never produce the good effects intended by it. The only condition that would make it prudent and just for the clergy to comply in altering the ceremonial, or any other indifferent part, would be a firm resolution in the legislature to interpose, by some strict and effectual laws, to prevent the rising and spreading of new sects, how plausible soever, for the future; else there must never be an end; and it would be to act like

like a man, who should pull down and change the ornaments of his house, in compliance to every one who was disposed to find fault as he passed by; which, besides the perpetual trouble and expense, would very much damage, and perhaps in time destroy the building. Sects in a state seem only tolerated with any reason, because they are already spread; and because it would not be agreeable with so mild a government, or so pure a religion as ours, to use violent methods against great numbers of *mistaken* people, while they do not manifestly endanger the constitution of either. But the greatest advocates for general liberty of conscience will allow, that they ought to be checked in their beginnings, if they will allow them to be an evil at all, or, which is the same thing, if they will only grant, it were better for the peace of the state, that there should be none. But while the clergy consider the natural temper of mankind in general, or of our own country in particular, what assurances can they have, that any compliances they shall make, will remove the evil of dissension, while the liberty still continues of professing whatever new opinions we please? Or how can it be imagined, that the body of dissenting teachers, who must be all undone by such a revolution, will cast about for some new objections to withhold their flocks, and draw in fresh proselytes by some further innovations or refinements?

Upon these reasons he is for tolerating such different forms in religious worship as are already admitted; but by no means for leaving it in the power of those who are tolerated, to advance their own models upon the ruin of what is already established; which it is natural for all sects to desire, and which they cannot be justified by any consistent principles, if they do not endeavour; and and yet which they cannot succeed in, without the utmost danger to the public peace.

To prevent these inconveniencies, he thinks it highly just, that all rewards of trust, profit or dignity, which the state leaves in the disposal of the administration, should be given only to those whose principles direct them to preserve the constitution in all its parts. In the late affair of *occasional conformity*, the general argument of those who were against it, was not, to deny it an evil in itself, but that the remedy proposed was violent, untimely, and improper; which is the Bishop of Salisbury's * opinion, in the speech he made and published against the bill. But however just their fears or complaints might have been upon that score, he thinks it a little too gross and precipitate, to employ their writers already in arguments for repealing the sacramental test, upon no wiser a maxim, than that no man should, on the account of conscience, be deprived the liberty of serving his country; a topic which may be equally applied to admit *Papists, Atheists, Mahometans, Heathens, and Jews*. If the church wants members of its own to employ in the service of the public, or be so unhappily contrived, as to exclude from its communion such persons who are likeliest to have great abilities, it is time it should be altered, and reduced into some more perfect, or at least more popular form; but in the mean while it is not altogether improbable, that when those who dislike the constitution, are so very zealous in their offers for the service of their country, they are not wholly unmindful of their party or of themselves.

The Dutch, whose practice is so often quoted to prove and celebrate the great advantages of a general liberty of conscience, have yet a national religion professed by all who bear office among them. But why should they be a precedent for us, either in religion or government? Our country differs

* D. Burnet.

from theirs, as well in situation, soil, and productions of nature, as in the genius and complexion of inhabitants. They are a commonwealth founded on a sudden, by a desperate attempt, in a desperate condition; not formed or digested into a regular system by mature thought and reason, but huddled up under the pressure of sudden exigencies; calculated for no long duration, and hitherto subsisting by accident in the midst of contending powers, who cannot yet agree about sharing it amongst them. These difficulties do indeed preserve them from any great corruptions, which their crazy constitution would extremely subject them to in a long peace. That confluence of people in a persecuting age to a place of refuge nearest at hand, put them upon the necessity of trade, to which they wisely gave all ease and encouragement. And if we could think fit to imitate them in this last particular, there would need no more to invite foreigners among us; who seem to think no farther than how to secure their property and conscience, without projecting any share in that government which gives them protection, or calling it *persecution*, if it be denied them. But I speak it for the honour of our administration, that although our sects are not so numerous as those in Holland, which I presume is not our *fault*, and I hope is not our *misfortune*, we much excel them, and all *Christendom* besides, in our indulgence to tender consciences*. One single compliance with the national form of receiving the sacrament, is all we require to qualify any sectary among us for the greatest employments in the state; after which he is at liberty to rejoin his own assemblies for the rest of his life. Besides, I will suppose any of the numerous sects in Holland to have so far prevailed, as to have raised a civil war,

* When this was written, there was no law against occasional conformity.

destroyed their government and religion, and put their *administrators* to death; after which I will suppose the people to have recovered all again, and to have settled on their old foundation. Then I would put a query, whether that sect which was the unhappy instrument of all this confusion, could reasonably expect to be intrusted for the future with the greatest employments, or indeed to be hardly tolerated among them?

To go on with the sentiments of a *church-of-England man*: He does not see how that mighty passion for the church, which some men pretend, can well consist with those indignities and that contempt they bestow on the persons of the clergy. It is a strange mark whereby to distinguish *high-churchmen*, that they are such who imagine the clergy can never be too *low*. He thinks the maxim these gentlemen are so fond of, that they are for an humble clergy, is a very good one; and so is he, and for an humble laity too; since humility is a virtue that perhaps equally befits and adorns every station of life.

But then, if the scriblers on the other side freely speak the sentiments of their party, a divine of the church of England cannot look for much better quarter from thence. You shall observe nothing more frequent in their weekly papers, than a way of affecting to confound the terms of *clergy* and *high church*; of applying both indifferently, and then loading the latter with all the calunny they can invent. They will tell you, they honour a clergyman; but talk at the same time, as if there were not three in the kingdom who could fall in with their definition. After the like manner they insult the *universities*, as poisoned fountains, and corrupters of youth.

Now, it seems clear to me, that the *Whigs* might easily have procured and maintained a majority among the clergy, and perhaps in the universities, if

they had not too much encouraged or connived at this intemperance of speech, and virulence of pen, in the worst and most prostitute of their party; among whom there hath been, for some years past, such a perpetual clamour against the ambition, the implacable temper, and the covetousness of the *priesthood*; such a cant of *high church*, and persecution, and being *priest-ridden*; so many reproaches about *narrow principles*, or *terms of communion*; then such scandalous reflections on the *universities* for infecting the youth of the nation with arbitrary and *Jacobite* principles, that it was natural for those who had the care of religion and education, to apprehend some general design of altering the constitution of both. And all this was the more extraordinary, because it could not easily be forgot, that whatever opposition was made to the usurpations of *King James*, proceeded altogether from the church of England, and chiefly from the clergy, and one of the *universities*. For if it were of any use to recall matters of fact, what is more notorious than that prince's applying himself first to the church of England; and, upon their refusal to fall in with his measures, making the like advances to the *dissenters* of all kinds? who readily, and almost universally complied with him, affecting, in their numerous addresses and pamphlets, the style of *our brethren the Roman Catholics*; whose interests they put on the same foot with their own: And some of Cromwell's officers took posts in the army raised against the Prince of Orange. These Proceedings of theirs they can only extenuate by urging the provocations they had met from the church in King Charles's reign; which, though perhaps excusable upon the score of human infirmity, are not by any means a plea of merit equal to the constancy and sufferings of the bishops and clergy, or of the head and fellows of Magdalen-college, that furnished the Prince of Orange's declaration

claration with such powerful arguments to justify and promote the *revolution*.

Therefore a *church-of-England man* abhors the humour of the age, in delighting to fling scandals upon the clergy in general; which, besides the disgrace to the *reformation*, and to religion itself, cast an ignominy upon the kingdom, that it doth not deserve. We have no better materials to compound the priesthood of, than the mass of mankind, which corrupted as it is, those who receive orders must have some vices to leave behind them when they enter into the church; and if a few do still adhere, it is no wonder, but rather a great one, that they are no worse. Therefore he cannot think *ambition* or *love of power* more justly laid to their charge, than to other men; because that would be to make religion itself, or at least the best constitution of *church-government*, answerable for the errors and depravity of human nature.

Within these last two hundred years, all sorts of temporal power have been wrested from the clergy, and much of their ecclesiastic: the reason or justice of which proceeding I shall not examine; but that the remedies were a little too violent, with respect to their *possessions*, the legislature hath lately confessed by the remission of their *first fruits*. Neither do the common libellers deny this; who, in their invectives, only tax the church with an insatiable desire of power and wealth, (equally common to all bodies of men, as well as individuals), but, thank God, that the laws have deprived them of both. However, it is worth observing the justice of parties. The sects among us are apt to complain, and think it hard usage, to be reproached now, after fifty years, for overturning the state, for the murder of a king, and the indignity of an usurpation; yet these very men, and their partisans, are continually reproaching the clergy, and laying to their charge the pride, the avarice, the luxury,

luxury, the ignorance, and superstition of *Popish* times, for a thousand years past.

He thinks it a scandal to government, that such an unlimited liberty should be allowed of publishing books against those doctrines in religion, wherein all Christians have agreed; much more to connive at such tracts as reject all revelation, and by their consequences often deny the very being of a God. Surely it is not a sufficient atonement for the writers, that they profess much loyalty to the present government, and sprinkle up and down some arguments in favour of the *dissenters*; that they dispute as strenuously as they can for liberty of conscience, and inveigh largely against all ecclesiastics under the name of *high-church*; and, in short, under the shelter of some popular principles in politics and religion, undermine the foundations of all piety and virtue.

As he doth not reckon every *schism* of that damnable nature which some would represent, so he is very far from closing with the new opinion of those who would make it no crime at all; and argue at a wild rate, that God almighty is delighted with the variety of faith and worship, as he is with the varieties of nature. To such absurdities are men carried by the affectation of *free-thinking*, and removing the prejudices of education; under which head they have for some time begun to list *morality* and *religion*. It is certain, that before the rebellion in 1642, though the number of *Puritans* (as they were then called) were as great as it is with us, and though they affected to follow pastors of that denomination; yet those pastors had Episcopal ordination, possessed preferments in the church, and were sometimes promoted to bishoprics themselves. But a breach in the general form of worship was, in those days, reckoned so dangerous and sinful in itself, and so offensive to *Roman Catholics* at home and abroad, that it was

too unpopular to be attempted ; neither, I believe, was the expedient then found out, of maintaining separate pastors out of private purses.

When a *schism* is once spread in a nation, there grows at length a dispute, which are the schismatics. Without entering on the arguments used by both sides among us to fix the guilt on each other, it is certain, that, in the sense of the law, the *schism* lies on that side which opposeth itself to the religion of the state. I leave it among the *divines* to dilate upon the danger of *schism* as a spiritual evil ; but I would consider it only as a temporal one. And I think it clear, that any great separation from the established worship, though to a new one that is more pure and perfect, may be an occasion of endangering the public peace ; because it will compose a body always in reserve, prepared to follow any discontented heads, upon the plausible pretexes of advancing *true religion*, and opposing error, superstition, or idolatry. For this reason Plato lays it down as a maxim, That “ men ought to worship the gods according to the law of the country ;” and he introduces Socrates, in his last discourse, utterly disowning the crime laid to his charge, of *teaching new divinities*, or methods of worship. Thus the poor *Hugonots* of France were engaged in a civil war by the specious pretences of some, who, under the guise of religion, sacrificed so many thousand lives to their own ambition and revenge. Thus was the whole body of *Puritans* in England drawn to be instruments or abettors of all manner of villany, by the artifices of a *few men*, whose designs from the first were levelled to destroy the constitution both of religion and government *. And thus, even in Holland itself, where it is pretended that the variety of sects live so amicably together, and in such

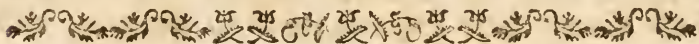
* Lord Clarendon's history.

perfect obedience to the magistrate, it is notorious, how a turbulent party joining with the Arminians, did, in the memory of our fathers, attempt to destroy the liberty of that republic, So that, upon the whole, where sects are tolerated in a state, it is fit they should enjoy a full liberty of conscience, and every other privilege of free-born subjects, *to which no power is annexed.* And to preserve their obedience upon all emergencies, a government cannot give them too much ease, nor trust them with too little *power.*

The *clergy* are usually charged with a *persecuting spirit*, which they are said to discover by an implacable hatred to all *dissenters*; And this appears to be more unreasonable, because they suffer less in their interests by a *toleration*, than any of the *conforming laity*; for while the *church* remains in its present form, no dissenter can possibly have any share in its dignities, revenues, or power; whereas, by once receiving the sacrament, he is rendered capable of the highest employments in the state. And it is very possible, that a narrow education, together with a mixture of human infirmity, may help to beget among some of the *clergy in possession* such an aversion and contempt for all *innovators*, as *physicians* are apt to have for *empirics*; or *lawyers* for *pettifoggers*, or *merchants* for *pedlars*; but since the number of sectaries doth not concern the clergy, either in point of interest or conscience, (it being an evil not in their power to remedy), it is more fair and reasonable to suppose their dislike proceeds from the dangers they apprehend to the peace of the commonwealth, in the ruin whereof they must expect to be the first and greatest sufferers.

To conclude this *section*, it must be observed, that there is a very good word, which hath of late suffered much by both parties; I mean *moderation*; which the one side very justly disowns, and the other as unjustly pretends to. Beside what passes every

every day in conversation, any man who reads the papers published by Mr. Lesley, and others of his stamp, must needs conclude, that if this author could make the nation see his adversaries under the colours he paints them in, we have nothing else to do, but rise as one man, and destroy such wretches from the face of the earth. On the other side, how shall we excuse the advocates for *moderation*? among whom I could appeal to a hundred papers of universal approbation, by the cause they were writ for, which lay such principles to the whole body of the *Tories*, as, if they were true, and believed, our next business should, in prudence, be, to erect gibbets in every parish, and hang them out of the way. But, I suppose, it is presumed, the common people understand *raillery*, or at least *rhetoric*; and will not take *hyperboles* in too literal a sense; which, however, in some junctures might prove a desperate experiment. And this is *moderation*, in the *modern* sense of the word; to which, speaking impartially, the bigots of both parties are *equally* intitled.



S E C T. II.

The sentiments of a church-of-England man with respect to government.

WE look upon it as a very just reproach, though we cannot agree where to fix it, that there should be so much violence and hatred in religious matters among men who agree in all fundamentals, and only differ in some ceremonies, or, at most, mere speculative points. Yet is not this frequently the case between contending parties in a state? For instance, do not the generality of *Whigs* and *Tories* among us profess to agree in the
same

same *fundamentals*, their loyalty to the Queen, their abjuration of the *pretender*, the settlement of the crown in the Protestant line, and a revolution-principle? their affection to the church established; with toleration of dissenters? Nay, some times they go farther, and pass over into each other's principles; the *Whigs* become great asserters of the prerogative, and the *Tories*, of the people's liberty; these crying down almost the whole set of bishops, and those defending them: So that the differences fairly stated, would be much of a sort with those in religion among us, and amount to little more than, *who should take place, or go in and out first, or kiss the Queen's hand*; and what are these but a few *court-ceremonies*? or, *who should be in the ministry*; and what is that to the body of the nation, but a mere *speculative point*? Yet I think it must be allowed, that no religious sects ever carried their mutual aversions to greater heights than our state-parties have done, who, the more to inflame their passions; have mixed religious and civil animosities together; borrowing one of their appellations from the church, with the addition of *high* and *low*, how little soever their disputes relate to the term, as it is generally understood.

I now proceed to deliver the sentiments of a *church-of-England man*, with respect to government.

He doth not think the church of England so narrowly calculated, that it cannot fall in with any regular species of government; nor doth he think any one regular species of government more acceptable to God than another. The three generally received in the *schools* have, all of them, their several perfections, and are subject to their several depravations. However, few states are ruined by any defect in their institution, but generally by the corruption of manners, against which the best institution is no longer a security, and without which

a very ill one may subsist and flourish; whereof there are too pregnant instances now in Europe. The first is, the *aristocracy* of Venice; which, founded upon the wisest maxims, and digested by a great length of time, hath in our age admitted so many abuses, through the degeneracy of the nobles, that the period of its duration seems to approach. The other is the united republics of the *States-General* where a vein of temperance, industry, parsimony, and a public spirit, running through the whole body of the people, hath preserved an infant commonwealth, of an untimely birth and sickly constitution, for above an hundred years, through so many dangers and difficulties, as a much more healthy one could never have struggled against without those advantages.

Where security of person and property are preserved by laws, which none but the *whole* can repeal, there the great ends of government are provided for, whether the administration be in the hands of *one* or of *many*, Where any one *person* or *body* of men, who do not represent the *whole*, seize into their hands the power in the last resort, there is properly no longer a government, but what Aristotle and his followers call the *abuse* or *corruption* of one. This distinction excludes arbitrary power, in whatever numbers; which, notwithstanding all that Hobbes, Filmer, and others, have said to its advantage, I look upon as a greater evil than *anarchy* itself; as much as a *savage* is in a happier state of life, than a slave at the oar.

It is reckoned ill manners, as well as unreasonable, for men to quarrel upon difference in opinion; because that is usually supposed to be a thing which no man can help in himself. But this I do not conceive to be an universal infallible maxim, except in those cases where the question is pretty equally disputed among the learned and the wise. Where it is otherwise, a man of tolerable reason, some experience,

experience, and willing to be instructed, may apprehend he has got into a wrong opinion, though the whole course of his mind and inclination would persuade him to believe it true : he may be convinced that he is in an error, though he does not see where it lies, by the bad effects of it in the common conduct of his life, and by observing those persons, for whose wisdom and goodness he hath the greatest deference, to be of a contrary sentiment. According to Hobbes's comparison of *reasoning* with *casting up accounts*, whoever finds a mistake in the *sum total*, must allow himself out, though, after repeated trials, he may not see in which article he has misreckoned. I will instance in one opinion; which I look upon every man obliged in conscience to quit, or in prudence to conceal; I mean, that whoever argues in defence of absolute power in a single person, though he offers the old plausible plea, that *it is his opinion, which he cannot help, unless he be convinced*, ought in all free states to be treated as the common enemy of mankind. Yet this is laid as a heavy charge upon the *clergy* of the two reigns before the *revolution*, who, under the terms of *passive obedience* and *non-resistance*, are said to have preached up the unlimited power of the prince; because they found it a doctrine that pleased the court, and made way for their preferment. ~~And~~ And I believe; there may be truth enough in this accusation to convince us, that human frailty will too often interpose itself among persons of the holiest function. However, it may be offered in excuse for the clergy, that in the best societies there are some ill members, which a corrupted court and ministry will industriously find out and introduce. Besides, it is manifest, that the greater number of those who held and preached this doctrine, were misguided by equivocal terms, and by perfect ignorance in the principles of government, which they had not made any part of their study. The question

question originally put, and as I remember to have heard it disputed in public schools, was this, *Whether, under any pretence whatsoever, it may be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate?* which was held in the negative; and this is certainly the right opinion. But many of the clergy, and other learned men, deceived by a dubious expression, mistook the *object* to which *passive obedience* was due. By the *supreme magistrate* is properly understood the *legislative* power, which in all governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word *magistrate* seeming to denote a *single person*, and to express the *executive* power, it came to pass, that the obedience due to the *legislature* was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the *administration*. Neither is it any wonder, that the clergy, or other well-meaning people, should fall into this error, which deceived *Hobbes* himself so far, as to be the foundation of all the political mistakes in his books; where he perpetually confounds the *executive* with the *legislative* power; though all well-instituted states have ever placed them in different hands; as may be obvious to those who know any thing of Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and other republics of Greece, as well as the greater ones of Carthage and Rome.

Besides, it is to be considered, that when these doctrines began to be preached among us, the kingdom had not quite worn out the memory of that horrid *rebellion*, under the consequences of which it had groaned almost twenty years. And a *weak prince*, in conjunction with a succession of most prostitute ministers, began again to dispose the people to new attempts, which it was, no doubt, the clergy's duty to endeavour to prevent; though some of them, for want of knowledge in temporal affairs, and others, perhaps, from a worse principle, proceeded upon a topic, that, strictly followed, would inflave all mankind.

Among

Among other theological arguments made use of in those times in praise of monarchy, and justification of absolute obedience to a prince, there seemed to be one of a singular nature. It was urged, That *heaven* was governed by a *monarch*, who had none to control his power, but was absolutely obeyed: then it followed, that earthly governments were the more perfect, the nearer they imitated the government in heaven. All which I look upon as the strongest argument against *despotic* power that ever was offered; since no reason can possibly be assigned, why it is best for the world, that God Almighty hath such a power, which doth not directly prove that no mortal man should ever have the like.

But though a *church-of England man* thinks every species of government equally *lawful*, he does not think them equally *expedient*; or for every country indifferently. There may be something in the climate, naturally disposing men towards one sort of obedience; as it is manifest all over *Asia*, where we never read of any commonwealth, except some small ones on the western coasts established by the Greeks. There may be a great deal in the situation of a country, and in the present *genius* of the people. It hath been observed, that the temperate climates usually run into moderate governments, and the extremes into despotic power. It is a remark of Hobbes, that the youth of England are corrupted in their principles of government, by reading the authors of Greece and Rome, who writ under commonwealths. But it might have been more fairly offered for the honour of liberty, that while the rest of the known world was overrun with the arbitrary government of single persons, *arts* and *sciences* took their rise, and flourished, only in those few small territories where the people were *free*. And though *learning* may continue after *liberty* is lost, as it did in Rome, for a while,

while, upon the foundations laid under the commonwealth, and the particular patronage of some emperors, yet it hardly ever began under a *tyranny* in any nation: because *slavery* is, of all things, the greatest clog and obstacle to *speculation*. And, indeed, arbitrary power is but the first natural step from *anarchy*, or the *savage life*; the adjusting *power* and *freedom* being an effect and consequence of maturer thinking: and this is no where so duly regulated as in a limited monarchy; because I believe it may pass for a maxim in state, That *the administration cannot be placed in too few hands*, nor *the legislature in too many*. Now, in this material point the constitution of the English government far exceeds all others at this time on the earth; to which the present establishment of the *church* doth so happily agree, that, I think, whoever is an enemy to *either*, must of necessity be so to *both*.

He thinks, as our monarchy is constituted, an *hereditary* right is much to be preferred before *election*; because the government here, especially by some late amendments, is so regularly disposed in all its parts, that it almost *executes* itself: and therefore, upon the death of a prince among us, the administration goes on without any rub or interruption. For the same reasons, we have less to apprehend from the *weakness* or *fury* of our monarchs, who have such wise councils to guide the first, and laws to restrain the other. And therefore this hereditary right should be kept so sacred, as never to break the succession, unless where the preserving it may endanger the constitution; which is not from any intrinsic merit or unalienable right in a *particular family*, but to avoid the consequences that usually attend the ambition of competitors, to which elective kingdoms are exposed; and which is the only obstacle to hinder them from arriving at the greatest perfection that government can possibly reach,

reach. Hence appears the absurdity of that distinction between a king *de facto* and one *de jure*, with respect to us. For every *limited* monarch is a king *de jure*; because he governs by the consent of the *whole*, which is authority sufficient to abolish all precedent right. If a king come in by *conquest*, he is no longer a *limited* monarch; if he afterwards consent to limitations, he becomes immediately king *de jure*, for the same reason.

The great advocates for *succession*, who affirm it ought not to be violated upon any regard or consideration whatsoever, do insist much upon one argument, that seems to carry little weight. They would have it, that a *crown* is a prince's birth-right, and ought at least to be as well secured to him and his posterity, as the inheritance of any private man; in short, that he has the same title to his kingdom, which every individual has to his property. Now, the consequence of this doctrine must be, that as a man may find several ways to waste, mispend, or abuse his patrimony, without being answerable to the laws; so a king may in like manner do what he will with *his own*; that is, he may squander and misapply his revenues, and even alienate the crown, without being called to an account by his subjects. They allow such a prince to be guilty indeed of much folly and wickedness; but for these he is *answerable to God*, as every private man must be that is guilty of mismanagement in his own concerns. Now, the folly of this reasoning will best appear, by applying it in a parallel case. Should any man argue, that a physician is supposed to understand his own art best; that the law protects and encourages his profession; and therefore, although he should manifestly prescribe *poison* to all his patients, whereof they should immediately die, he cannot be justly punished, but is answerable only to God: or should the same be offered in behalf of a divine, who would preach against religion and
moral

moral duties : In either of these two cases every body would find out the sophistry, and presently answer, that although common men are not exactly skilled in the composition or application of medicines, or in prescribing the limits of duty ; yet the difference between *poisons* and *remedies* is easily known by their effects ; and common reason soon distinguishes between *virtue* and *vice* : and it must be necessary to forbid both these the further practice of their professions, because their crimes are not purely personal to the physician or the divine, but destructive to the public. All which is infinitely stronger in respect to a prince, in whose good or ill conduct the happiness or misery of a whole nation is included ; whereas it is of small consequence to the public, farther than example, how any private person manageth his property.

But granting that the right of a lineal successor to a crown were upon the same foot with the property of a subject ; still it may at the same time be transferred by the legislative power, as other properties frequently are. The supreme power in a state can *do no wrong* ; because whatever that doth, is the action of all : and when the *lawyers* apply this maxim to the *king*, they must understand it only in that sense, as he is the administrator of the supreme power ; otherwise it is not universally true, but may be controlled in several instances, easy to produce.

And these are the topics we must proceed upon to justify our exclusion of the young *pretender* in France ; that of his suspected birth being merely popular, and therefore not made use of, as I remember, since the revolution, in any speech, vote, or proclamation, where there was occasion to mention him.

As to the *abdication* of King James, which the advocates on that side look upon to have been forcible and unjust, and consequently void in itself, I

think a man may observe every article of the English church, without being in much pain about it. It is not unlikely, that all doors were laid open for his departure, and perhaps not without the privacy of the Prince of Orange; as reasonably concluding, that the kingdom might better be settled in his absence. But to affirm he had any cause to apprehend the same treatment with his *father*, is an improbable scandal flung upon the nation by a few bigotted French scribblers, or the invidious assertion of a ruined party at home in the bitterness of their souls; not one material circumstance agreeing with those in 1648; and the greatest part of the nation having preserved the utmost horror for that ignominious *murder*. But whether his removal were caused by his own *fears*, or other mens *artifices*, it is manifest to me, that, supposing the throne to be vacant, which was the foot the nation went upon, the body of the people was thereupon left at liberty to chuse what form of government they pleased, by themselves, or their representatives.

The only difficulty of any weight against the proceedings at the revolution, is an obvious objection, to which the writers upon that subject have not yet given a direct or sufficient answer; as if they were in pain at some consequences, which they apprehend those of the contrary opinion might draw from it. I will repeat this objection, as it was offered me some time ago, with all its advantages, by a very pious, learned, and worthy gentleman of the nonjuring party*.

The force of his argument turned upon this, That the laws made by the supreme power cannot otherwise than by the supreme power be annulled: That this consisting in England of a King, Lords, and Commons, whereof each have a negative voice,

* Mr. Nelson, author of the feasts and facts of the church of England.

no two of them can repeal or enact a law without consent of the third; much less may any one of them be entirely excluded from its part of the legislature by a *vote* of the other two: That all these maxims were openly violated at the revolution; where an assembly of the *nobles* and *people*, not summoned by the King's writ, (which was an essential part of the constitution), and consequently no lawful meeting, did, merely upon their own authority, declare the King to have abdicated, the throne vacant; and gave the crown by a vote to a *nephew*, when there were three children to inherit; though, by the fundamental laws of the realm, the next heir is immediately to succeed. Neither doth it appear, how a prince's *abdication* can make any other sort of vacancy in the throne, than would be caused by his death; since he cannot abdicate for his children, (who claim their right of succession by act of parliament), otherwise than by his own consent, in form, to a bill from the two houses.

And this is the difficulty that seems chiefly to stick with the most reasonable of those who, from a mere scruple of conscience, refuse to join with us upon the revolution-principle; but for the rest are, I believe, as far from loving arbitrary government as any others can be, who are born under a free constitution, and are allowed to have the least share of common good sense.

In this objection there are two questions included, First, Whether, upon the foot of our constitution, as it stood in the reign of the late King James, a king of England may be deposed? The second is, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority, after the king had withdrawn himself in the manner he did, had power to alter the succession?

As for the first, it is a point I shall not presume to determine; and shall therefore only say, that, to any man who holds the negative, I would demand

mand the liberty of putting the case as strongly as I please. I will suppose a prince limited by laws like ours, yet running into a thousand caprices of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula; I will suppose him to murder his mother and his wife; to commit incest, to ravish matrons, to blow up the senate, and burn his metropolis; openly to renounce God and Christ, and worship the Devil: these, and the like exorbitancies, are in the power of a single person to commit without the advice of a ministry, or assistance of an army. And if such a king as I have described, cannot be deposed but by his own consent in parliament, I do not well see how he can be *resisted*; or what can be meant by a *limited* monarchy; or what signifies the people's consent in making and repealing laws, if the person who administers hath no tie but conscience, and is answerable to none but God. I desire no stronger proof that an opinion must be false, than to find very great absurdities annexed to it; and there cannot be greater than in the present case: for it is not a bare speculation, that kings may run into such enormities as are above mentioned; the practice may be proved by examples, not only drawn from the first Cæsars, or later Emperors, but many modern princes of Europe; such as Peter the cruel, Philip II. of Spain, John Basilovits of Muscovy; and, in our own nation, King John, Richard III. and Henry VIII. But there cannot be equal absurdities supposed in maintaining the contrary opinion; because it is certain, that princes have it in their power to keep a majority on their side by any tolerable administration, till provoked by continual oppressions; no man indeed can then answer where the madness of the people will stop.

As to the second part of the objection, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority, upon King James's precipitate departure, had power to alter the succession?

In answer to this, I think it is manifest from the practice of the wisest nations, and who seem to have had the truest notions of freedom, that when a prince was laid aside for male-administration, the *nobles* and *people*, if they thought it necessary for the public weal, did resume the administration of the supreme power, (the power itself having been always in them), and did not only alter the succession, but often the very form of government too; because they believed there was no natural right in one man to govern another, but that all was by institution, force, or consent. Thus, the cities of Greece, when they drove out their tyrannical kings, either chose others from a new family, or abolished the kingly government, and became free states. Thus the Romans, upon the expulsion of Tarquin, found it inconvenient for them to be subject any longer to the pride, the lust, the cruelty, and arbitrary will of single persons; and therefore, by general consent, entirely altered the whole frame of their government. Nor do I find the proceedings of either, in this point, to have been condemned by any historian of the succeeding ages.

But a great deal hath been already said by other writers upon this invidious and beaten subject; therefore I shall let it fall; though the point is commonly mistaken, especially by the *lawyers*; who, of all others, seem least to understand the nature of government in general; like under-workmen, who are expert enough at making a single wheel in a clock, but are utterly ignorant how to adjust the several parts, or regulate the movements.

To return, therefore, from this digression: It is a *church-of-England man's* opinion, that the freedom of a nation consists in an absolute *unlimited legislative power*, wherein the whole body of the people are fairly represented, and in an *executive* duly *limited*;

mitted; because on this side likewise there may be dangerous degrees, and a very ill extreme. For when two parties in a state are pretty equal in *power*, *pretensions*, *merit*, and *virtue*, (for these two last are, with relation to parties and a court, quite different things), it hath been the opinion of the best writers upon government, that a prince ought not in any sort to be under the guidance or influence of either; because he declines, by this means, from his office of presiding over the *whole*, to be the head of a *party*; which, besides the indignity, renders him answerable for all public mismanagements, and the consequences of them: and in whatever state this happens, there must either be a weakness in the prince or ministry, or else the former is too much restrained by the nobles, or those who represent the people.

To conclude: A *church-of-England man* may, with prudence and a good conscience, approve the professed principles of one party more than the other, according as he thinks they best promote the good of the church and state; but he will never be swayed by passion or interest to advance an opinion, merely because it is *that* of the party he most approves; which one single principle he looks upon as the root of all our civil animosities. To enter into a party, as into an order of *friars*, with so resigned an obedience to superiors, is very unsuitable both with the civil and religious liberties we so zealously assert. Thus the understandings of a whole senate are often enslaved by three or four leaders on each side; who, instead of intending the public weal, have their hearts wholly set upon ways and means how to get or to keep employments. But, to speak more at large, how has this spirit of faction mingled itself with the mass of the people, changed their nature and manners, and the very genius of the nation? broke all the laws of charity, neighbourhood, alliance, and hospitality, destroyed

ed all ties of friendship, and divided families against themselves? And no wonder it should be so, when, in order to find out the character of a person, instead of inquiring whether he be a man of virtue, honour, piety, wit, good sense, or learning; the modern question is only, Whether he be a *Whig* or a *Tory*? under which terms all good and ill qualities are included.

Now, because it is a point of difficulty to chuse an exact middle between two ill extremes, it may be worth inquiring, in the present case, which of these a wise and good man would rather seem to avoid. Taking therefore their own good and ill characters, with due abatements and allowances for partiality and passion, I should think, that, in order to preserve the constitution entire in church and state, whoever hath a true value for both, would be sure to avoid the extremes of *Whig* for the sake of the former, and the extremes of *Tory* on account of the latter.

I have now said all that I could think convenient upon so nice a subject, and find I have the ambition common with other reasoners, to wish at least that both parties may think me *in the right*; which would be of some use to those who have any virtue left, but are blindly drawn into the extravagancies of either, upon false representations, to serve the ambition or malice of designing men, without any prospect of their own. But if that is not to be hoped for, my next wish should be, that both might think me *in the wrong*; which I would understand as an ample justification of myself, and a sure ground to believe, that I have proceeded at least with impartiality, and perhaps with truth.



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